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THE FIFTEEN PLAGUES OF MAIDENHEAD

AND OTHER FORBIDDEN VERSE

EDITED BY ED CRAY

Venus, Cupid, Folly and Time.
BRONZINO (about 1503—1572)

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INTRODUCTION

How the shades of long dead Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope and their assorted literary friends must have chuckled when the Crown moved against D. H. Lawrence's Twentieth Century love story, *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. All the man had done was place a few choice Anglo-Saxon terms—which everyone knew anyway—in the mouth of the brutish gamekeeper Mellors. Yet there was book and author both condemned, banned and slandered.

English literature's frighted horror had screamed to new heights, its sense of literary values to new lows. But then, to the Elysium shades, it was nothing new, not really. Shakespeare had seen literary critics with fulsome praise for his work snip and snick the humor from his plays. Dryden and Pope had seen their life's work, volume after volume, whittled down to a handful of plays and poems, now included in most anthologies while the rest of their work was hastily placed in locked library cabinets.

Defoe and Swift were censored down to a book apiece, Defoe to a potboiler fashioned on the true life adventures of Alexander Selkirk, Swift to a rousing satire of the fictitious peregrinations of Lemuel Gulliver. And the good Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin, had little consolation in *Gulliver's Travels,* for the only ones who read that book were schoolchildren and for them the bawdry had been savagely excised.

Others had even less consolation; Cowley, Sher-

burne, Waller, Rochester, Sedley, Lovelace, Marvel, are now all but forgotten because they wrote too well in the idiom of their times, and had neglected the delicate insensibilities of future generations.

Few of these men had the time, or the desire to rewrite their own works to suit the moral sensibilities of old-maidish censors. Rochester died of syphilis at the age of 33. John Suckling was a suicide at the same age. Sedley lived to be 61, but spent most of the last years of his life on diplomatic missions and courtly service, with no time to toy with his youthful bawdry. Dryden lived to be 69, but was too busy trying to earn a living by writing new works to edit the old.

Future generations would do what these men could not, or would not. There would be plenty of editors and scholars to pick through their works, providing they had achieved fame enough in their own lifetime to merit later attention. Otherwise they would be permitted to sink into musty obscurity, the cracked leather bindings of their works gathering dust in library stacks.

Two centuries have passed since the grey pall of hypocrisy—laced with the rectitude of religious fervor—settled over English letters. Waller, Costgrave, Shirley and their anonymous fellows have waited, as it were, for the full turn of the wheel.

Increased freedom from narrow censorship now permits the publication of works long entombed in private collections. This is the second of what the editor believes are pioneering anthologies of what might be loosely described as the forbidden verse of England. The first, *The Anthology of Restoration Erotic Poetry,* was devoted largely to the period from 1660 to 1700. Deliberately, most of the poetry in that collection was by anonymous writers.

This second volume is broader in scope. The reader coming to this collection without prior knowledge of the life and times of the 125-year period covered needs know but a few facts to fully enjoy the verse.

In the court and upper-class circles, there was a much greater freedom both in words and deeds than now prevails. Courtly poets felt free to write, and circulate privately, the frankest of rhymes. Most for their own enjoyment, and not for posterity; as a result, the publication of their works was a haphazard matter, dependent upon the energy of one or another publisher in gathering together the handwritten copies of poems.

The second major point with which the reader should be familiar lies in the constant allusions of figures in Greek and Roman mythology, to the use of names such as Stephon, Phyllis, Corinna and Cloe, to nymphs and shepherds who populate the verdant fields, and less apparent, to the very stanzaic forms and rhyme schemes.

By the Restoration, the classical models had become stereotypes of mediocrity and sterile imitation. If nothing else, the court wits, in slipping a healthy dose of the bawdry into their poetry, shook English letters free from restraint. Poets who followed felt more free to use non-classical forms and non-classical conceits.

A few of the decidedly non-classical terms frequently used in this collection need definitions. "To die" meant to have a sexual climax. "To swive" meant to copulate. "Pego," "yard," "pintle," "tarse," "blind boy," are all euphemisms for the male sex organ. "Case" was one of the more common euphemisms for the vagina, and permitted more than a few

puns or plays-upon-words. "To frig" meant to masturbate, a meaning somewhat at variance with its present day disphemic use meaning to copulate. "Bawd" too had a slightly different meaning in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries; "bawd" then corresponded to what is now known as a procurer or madam, and to the goods those people purvey.

"The Queen of Love" or "Cyprian Queen" refer to Venus Aphrodite, goddess of love carnal and platonic. Her son, sired by Mars according to some accounts (hence the constant comparisons of sexual intercourse to war), is Cupid. Hymen is the god of the wedding feast, hence the medical name for the maidenhead. Love, with a capital initial, refers to either Venus or Cupid, usually the former.

The editor has taken no liberties with the material, other than to correct obvious typographical errors without comment. Whenever words, or parts of words have been inserted because of faulty printing, stains or other lacunae, these insertions are indicated by placing the material in square brackets. Spelling and punctuation, especially the maddening stylistic avoidance of periods in the middle of stanzas common during the Restoration, have been modernized as an aid to the reader unfamiliar with the idiosyncratic orthography of the times.

Words which the editor felt needed definition, other than those which appear in a desk dictionary though they may be obsolete, have been footnoted. The point of these definitions is to clear up possible ambiguities, some terms are not defined simply because their meaning in the context of the poem is clear enough; there is no reason to belabor the reader's patience with small print.

Those who might be interested in the historical

setting of these poems, as well as sociological factors which shaped the periods in general, will find the introduction to *The Anthology of Restoration Erotic Poetry* helpful.

Finally, the editor wishes to thank the Henry E. Huntington Memorial Library of San Marino, California, for its permission to reprint the poems included in "The Cabinet of Love" section of Edmund Curll's edition of *The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, and Dorset, The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, etc. with Memoirs of Their Lives* (London, 1752).

To the librarians of the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library, Los Angeles, goes the editor's admiration for their patience, their good humor when he requested for the hundredth time "just one more," and their indefatigable energy in transporting shelf after shelf from library stacks to cell-like cubicle. The pleasures of leafing through wonderful, sadly forgotten, exceedingly rare books were greatly increased by those good people.

Ed Cray
Los Angeles, 1966

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THE FIFTEEN PLAGUES OF MAIDENHEAD

Few of the "Anonymous" poems included in this anthology have achieved any contemporary fame, the ravages of censorship being particularly hard on those works whose authors could not be readily identified. "The Fifteen Plagues of Maidenhead" is the major exception. It has long been a prized collector's item in the most famous private collections of erotica, and has even been cited in the "Kinsey Report on Sexual Behavior in the Human Female." This is its first "public" appearance in almost two centuries.

The First Plague

The woman marry'd is divinely blest,
But I, a virgin, cannot take my rest;
I'm discontented up, as bad a bed
Because I'm plagued with my maidenhead,
A thing that do's my blooming years no good,
But only serves to freeze my youthful blood,

Which slowly circulates, do what I can,
For want of bleeding by some skillful man
Whose tender hand his launcet so will guide
That I the name of maid may lay aside.

The Second Plague

When I've beheld an am'rous youth make love
And swearing truth by all the Gods above,
How has it straight inflam'd my sprightly block,
Creating flames I scarely should withstood,
But bid him boldly march, not grant me leisure
Of parlay, for 'tis speed augments the pleasure.
But ah! 'Tis my misfortune not to meet
With any man that would my passion greet
Till he with balmy kisses stopp'd my breath,
Than which one cannot die a better death,
O! stroke my breasts, those mountains of delight,
Your very touch would fire an Anchorite;
Next let your wanton palm a little stray,
And dip thy fingers in the milky way.
Then, having rais'd me, let me gently fall.
Love's trumpets sound! so mortal have at all!
But why with I this bliss? I wish in vain,
And of my plaguey burthen do complain;
For sooner may I see whole nations dead,
E'er I find one to get my maiden-head.

The Third Plague

She that her maidenhead does keep runs through
More plagues than all the Land of Egypt knew.
A teasing whore, or a more tedious wife
Plagues not a marry'd man's unhappy life
So much as it does me to be a maid—
Of which same name I am so much afraid
Because I've often heard some people tell
They that die maids must all lead apes in Hell;
If so, 'twere better I had never been
Than thus to be perplexed, God save the Queen.

The Fourth Plague

When trembling prisoners all stand round
the bar
In strange suspense about the fatal verdict,
And when the jury cries they guilty are,
How they astonished are when they have heard
it!
When in mighty storm a ship is tossed,
And all do ask, "What do's the captain say?"
How they (poor souls) bemoan themselves as
lost
When his advice at last is only: "Pray!"

So as it was one day my pleasing chance
To meet a handsome young man in a grove.
Both time and place conspir'd to advance
The innocent designs of charming Love.
I thought my happiness was then complete,
Because 'twas in his power to make it so.
I ask'd the spark if he would do the feat,
But the unperforming blockhead answer'd,
"No!"
Poor pris'ners may, I see, have mercy shown,
And shipwreck'd men may sometimes have the luck
To see their dismal tempests overblown,
But I, poor Virgin, never shall be f[ucked].

The Fifth Plague

All day poor I do sit disconsolate,
Cursing the grievous rigor of my fate,
To think how I have seven years betray'd
To the dull empty title of a Maid.
If that I could myself but woman write,
With what transcendent pleasure and delight,
Should I forever, thrice forever bless
The man that leads me to such happiness.

The Sixth Plague

Pox take the thing folks call a maidenhead.
For soon as e'er I'm sleeping in my bed
I dream I'm mingling with some man my thighs
Till something more than ord'nary does rise;
But when I wake and find my dream's in vain,
I turn to sleep only to dream again,
For dreams as yet are only kind to me
And at the present quench my lechery.

The Seventh Plague

Of late I wonder what's with me the matter,
For I look like death, and am as weak as water.
For several days I loath the sight of meat,
And every night I chew the upper sheet.
I've such obstructions that I'm almost mopp'd
And breathe as if my vitals all were stopp'd.
I told a friend how strange with me it was.
She, an experienc'd bawd, soon grop'd the cause,
Saying, "For this disease, thake what you can.
You'll ne'er be well till you have taken man."
Therefore, before with maidenhead I'll be
Thus plagued, and live in daily misery,
Some spark shall rummage all my wem about
To find this wonderful distemper out.

The Eighth Plague

Now I am young; blind Cupid me bewitches.
I scratch my belly for it always itches,
And what it itches for I've told before:
Tis either to be wife or be a whore.
Nay, any thing indeed, would be poor I
E'er maidenhead upon my hands should lie
Which till I lose, I'm sure my wat'ry eye
Will pay to love so great a sacrifice
That my carcass soon will weep out all its juice
Till grown so dry as fit for no man's use.

The Ninth Plague

By all the pleasant postures of delight
By all the twines and circles of the night,
By the first minute of those nuptial joys
When men put fairly for a brace of boys,
Dying a virgin once I more do dread
Than ten times losing of a maidenhead,
For tho' it can't be seen, nor understood,
Yet it is troublesome to flesh and blood.

The Tenth Plague

You heedless maids, whose young and
tender hearts
Unwounded yet, have scop'd the fatal darts,
Let the sad fate of a poor virgin move,
And learn by me to pay respect to Love.
If one can find a man fit for Love's game,
Tis no offence if from his tender lip
I snatch a tonguing kiss if my fond clip
With loose embraces oft his neck surround,
For love in debts of Nature's ever bound.

The Eleventh Plague

A maidenhead! Pish, in it's no delight,
Nor have I ease but when returning night,
With sleep's soft, gentle spell my senses charms.
Then fancy some gallant brings to my arms.
In them I oft the lov'd shadow seem
To grasp, and joys, yet blush I too in dream.
I wake, and long my heart in wonder lies
To think on my late pleasing ecstasies.
But when I'm waking, and don't yet possess,
In sleep again I wish to enjoy the bliss.
For sleep does no malicious spies admit,
Yet yields a lively semblence of delight.

Gods! what a scene of joy was that! how fast
I clasp'd the vision to my panting breast!
With what fierce sounds I spring to meet
the bliss
While my rapt soul flew out in ev'ry kiss!
Till breathless, faint, and softly sunk away
I all dissolv'd in reaking pleasures lay.

The Twelfth Plague

Happen what will, I'll make some lovers know
What pains, what raging pains I undergo,
Till I am really heartsick, almost dead,
By keeping that damn'd thing, a maidenhead,
Which makes me with green-sickness almost lost,
So pale, so wan, and looking like a ghost,
Eating chalk, cinders, or tobacco pipes,
Which with a looseness scowers all my tripes,
But e'er I'll longer this great pain endure,
The stews I'll search, but that I'll find a cure.

The Thirteenth Plague

Let doting age debate of law and right,
And gravely state the bounds of just and fit;
Whose wisdom's but their envy to destroy

And bar those pleasures which they can't enjoy.
My blooming years, more sprightly and
more gay,
By Nature were designed for love and play.
Youth knows no check, but leaps weak
Virtue's fence
And briskly hunts the noble chase of sense!
Without dull thinking I'll enjoyment trace
And call that lawful whatsoe'er does please.
Nor will my crime want instances alone;
"Tis what the glorious Gods above have done,
For Saturn, and his greater offspring, Jove,
Both stock'd their heaven with incestuous love.

The Fourteenth Plague

If any man does with my bubbies play,
Squeeze my small hand, as soft as wax or clay,
Or lays his hands upon my tender knees,
What strange tumultuous joys upon me seize!
My breasts do heave, and languish do my eyes,
Panting's my heart, and trembling are
my thighs.
I sigh, I wish, I pray, and seem to die
In one continu'd fit of ecstasy.
Thus by my looks may man know what I mean,
And how he easily may get between

Those quarters, where he may surprise a fort
In which an emperor may find such sport
That with a mighty gust of Love's alarms,
He'd lie dissolving in my circling arms.
But 'tis my fate to have to do with fools
Who're very loath and shy to use their tools
To ease a poor, and fond distressed maid
Of that same load of which I'm not afraid
To lose with any man, tho' I should die,
For "Any tooth, good barber" is my cry.

The Fifteenth Plague

Alas! I care not, sir, what force you use,
So I my maidenhead could quickly lose.
Oft do I wish one skill'd in Cupid's arts
Would quickly dive into my secret parts,
For as I am, at home all sorts of weather,
I kit — as Heaven and Earth would
come together,
Twirling a wheel, I sit at home, hum-drum,
And spit away my nature on my thumb
Whilst those that marry'd are invited be
To labors, christenings, where the jollitry
Of women lies in telling — as some say —
When 'twas they did at hoity-toity play
Whose husband's yard is longest, whilst another

Can't in the least her great misfortune smother,
So tells, her husband's bauble is so short
That when he hunts, he never shews her sport.
Now I, because I have my maidenhead,
Mayn't know the pastimes of the nuptial bed.
But mayn't I quickly do as marry'd people may,
I'll either kill myself or shortly run away.

The Fifteen Plagues of Maidenhead, written by Madam B-----le (London, 1707).

THE DISCOVERY

This is one of the poems included in the appended "The Cabinet of Love". The publisher, Edmund Curll, achieved a sizeable reputation long years after he had died for such efforts as this, and his publications were avidly sought by book collectors in hopes of finding erotic poems which Curll had deliberately inserted to boost sales of what he felt would be slower moving works. Some the mendacious Curll attributed to poets of note, others were ground out by Curll's own stable of hacks and were published without attribution. This is one of the latter.

To Sylvia's room I (unsuspected) stole;
Unseen by her, I crept into a hole
Where I could view the spacious room
all round,
Observe the nymph, and not by her be found.
When first I entered, on the bed she lay,
Her face half out, like Sol at break of day,
And now like him, she thinks it time to rise;
As he unclouds so she unveils her eyes.
Then, by degrees, she raised herself upright —
Phoebus himself ne're yet appeared so bright.
So clear she seemed, did not her sable hair
Eclipse her eyes, there'd be no looking there.
She naked stood, while I with joy adore
The finest shape I e're had seen before.
Her little, pretty, panting bubbies were
As white as snow, and as the crystal clear.
I something saw, which was but thinly haired —
It not too bushy, nor too bald appeared —
The charms of which I'll from the reader hide,
For 'twas more lovely than I can describe,
The sight of which set all my blood on fire,
Made prick foam with over-much desire,
And swelling showed he wanted to be nigh 'er.
Oh! there I thought I could forever dwell,
Partaking bliss beyond what tongue can tell;
The sight would nourish me ten thousand years,
Give solid joys which are unmixed with fears.
I blessed my eyes, and would not change my seat

For all the pompous riches of the great.
She turned her round, then sat upon the bed;
Her lovely hands pulled ope' her maidenhead.
She strove to view what I more plain could see,
Which raised my passion to an ecstasy.
The sight alone soon made me shed my seed
And spill that flow of which she stood in need.
Then from the table she her garment took,
Where in her pocket was a bawdy book
Which she removed, and thence drew out a tool
Much like to that with which men women rule.
She it applied where I'm ashamed to tell,
And acted what I could have done as well.
Soon from her womb a slimy matter sprung.
Poor prick starts and thinks he suffers wrong,
And in revenge, he now again lets fly,
And spewing, falls down in an agony.
With transport he some little time lay dead,
But soon reviving, raised his coral head.
She now leaves off, and lays the dildo by,
Then with the sheet rubs her *tu quoqe* dry,
And whips the mess off her snowy thigh.
Thus she prepared to put her vestments on
Which shade her body, as a cloud the sun.
Some with fine clothes do make themselves
more bright,
But she shines fairest in her natu'al light,
And needs no color to set off her mien
Who is all lovely and of Beauty queen.

As soon as dressed she from the chamber went,
And left me sighing in my tenement.
I then crept out, and to the bed I ran,
And kissed the pillow that her cheeks lay on.
I found the dildo which I brought away
Whilst it was warm with the 'forementioned
play',
And was resolved that he no more would prove
Poor prick's rival, who can only move
The lust of ladies, and not lay their love.
"Thus I," said prick, "that must quench the fire.
The most you do serves but to raise desire.
Thou lifeless, sapless, frozen, stubborn tool,
Dost think thou canst the hearts of women rule?
No one that ever knew the worth of me
Will ever after take up with unjuicy thee."
Thus he insults this ta'en prisoner
Like some ambitious emperor
Who has just ended a successful war.
I thought it now was time to quit the room,
And pass at home my humble captive's doom.

"The Cabinet of Love," in *The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, and Dorset, the Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, etc. with Memoirs of Their Lives* (1752)

MOLL BEARS IN ONE HAND FIRE

Poems in praise of one or another strumpet, usually with a satirical touch which made light of the lady, appeared frequently. The following celebrates an otherwise unsung whore of mean propensities and no mean talents. "Apple" and "nut" are euphemisms for testicles; a "Bilboa" is a fine sword or blade named after the Spanish city where such weapons were fashioned.

Moll bears in one hand fire, water in th' other;
But in her chaffing dish bears both together.
She's ambidextrous, with both her hands
she plays,
Yet her game's sinister, both by nights and days.
She's won with an apple, and lost with a nut;
Her bum is no Bilbo', and yet it will cut
As keen as a razor that shaves away all;
Though she no sweet water hath, nor
barber's ball.

London Drollery (1673)

A SATIRE ON WOMAN'S LUST

The irascible misogynist responsible for this satire could find no sin too foul to lay at the feet of woman, and especially of one in particular. The poem has all the earmarks of a diatribe dashed off in the anger of a moment.

Hot lust within her reigns in every part;
The foulest sins possess her filthy heart.
Incest and the many sins of Sodom are
Dull satisfaction to the lustful fair.
T'attain her ends the mountains would remove,
And knows no bliss but in lascivious love.
She'll travel all the foulest roads to Hell,
Commit such vice as ne're knew parallel.
Till she enjoys, no rest shall close her eyes;
Enjoyment is her only paradise.
Missing her man, some ugly mongrel must
Give satisfaction to her raging lust.
Her appetite's so strong that to fulfill
Her damn'd desires, she'll try Infernal's skill.
No monstrous object can deter her mind;
She'll use a dog or devil for mankind.
But it in all her lust prevention find,
'Twill gnaw, and eat her own distracted mind;
Burst with envy, and ten thousand more
Such monstrous sins as Hell ne're knew before.

Hell! Hell's no abyss if compared to this;
'Tis woman's lust is only bottomless.
Her lust deny'd! She'll rend the earth and skies,
And thunder forth most horrid blasphemies;
She'll roar and cry and scratch; she'll
howl and tear
Like Devils who the greatest torments wear.
Thus burning lust doth set her soul on fire
Which will forever flame with hot desire.
Life will with lust together both expire
And will accompany her soul to Hell,
And there with lustful Demons ever dwell.
Then her enjoyments will eternal prove,
Where Pluto takes her for his hellish love.

Female Excellence: Or, Woman Displayed in Several Satyrick Poems by a person of Quality. (London, 1679)

THE HYPOCRITE

One of the major differences between the joyously frank poetry of the Restoration and the underground pornographicum with which it has been casually lumped lies in stylistic or literary worth. Pornography is rarely well written, and is frequently

illiterate. The poetry in this collection has both grace and dash. Another major difference lies in the fact that pornography deals with a never-never land of sexual excess; the actors are physically superhuman, capable of unending coital duels, apparently unhampered by physiology or fatigue. The actors in Restoration poetry are only too human, too frail. Furthermore, pornography avoids the unwanted by-products of sexual license, ignoring these drawbacks as if they did not exist. Restoration poetry ignores nothing; in fact, venereal disease and pregnancy are squarely, if humorously, faced.

Twistilla, whose demure and faintish face
Would make you think her a true Child
of Grace,
Has (or she's demnably belied) laid down
With twelve the brawniest chairmen in town —
Fellows whose looks their sinewy vigor tell —
And yet, not one can make her belly swell.
She's well come of, for she extremey hates
Her belly should confirm what slander prates,
At which she's glad. Tea-table tongues let loose
Ne're fail the best churchwomen to abuse.
Her daily prayers no slander dares traduce,
But should her womb once swell — farewell
excuse.

The Pleasures of Coition (1721)

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULD NOT

Restoration poets delighted in elaborate euphemisms, the meaning of which was hardly obscure, probably because it permitted them to test their wit in seeing just how long they could stretch the double entendre. This popular song, from one of the major anthologies of Restoration and early Eighteenth-Century poetry, is a good example.

As I beneath a myrtle shade lay musing,
Sylvia the fair, in mournful sounds,
Venting her grief, the air thus wounds:
"Oh God of Love! Cease to torment me.
Send to my aid some gentle swain,
Whose balm applied may ease my pain."

Aloud I cried and all the grove resounded,
"Heavenly nymph, complain no more.
Love does thy wished for peace restore,
And sends a gentle swain to ease thee
In whom a lone maid may find
A balm to cure her lovesick mind."

She blushed and sighed and pushed the
medicine from her
Which still the more increased her pain.

Finding, at length, she strove in vain,
"Oh Love," she cried, "I must obey thee.
Who can the raging smart endure?"
She sucked the balm, and found the cure.

Musical Miscellany, Vol. III (1730)

THE BASHFUL MAID

Another song from the same collection, "The Bashful Maid" borrows the familiar chorus from many folk songs to make its humorous inferences.

Once I loved a charming creature,
But the flame with which I burn
Is not for each tender feature,
Nor for her wit nor sprightly turn,
But for her down, down, derry down,
But for her down, down, derry down.
On the grass I saw her lying.
Straight I seized her tender waist.
On her back she lay complying
With her lovely body placed
Under my down, down, derry down,
Under my down, down, derry down.

But the nymph being young and tender
Could not bear the dreadful smart,
Still unwilling to surrender,
Called mama to take the part
    Of her down, down, derry down,
    Of her down, down, derry down.
Out of breath mama came running
To prevent poor Nancy's fate,
But the girl, now grown more cunning,
Cried, "Mama, you're too late,
    For I am down, down, derry down,
    For I am down, down, derry down.

Musical Miscellany, Vol. III (1730)

THE LOVER'S GUIDE

This guide for the bedeviled dates from before the turn of the century, and, judging from the number of times it was reprinted in subsequent years, was a popular favorite.

Would you have a young virgin of fifteen years,
You must tickle her fancy with "sweets"
    and "dears,"

Ever toying and playing, and weetly, sweetly
Sing a love sonnet, and charm her ears;
Wittily, prettily talk her down;
Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
Soothe her and smooth her, and tease her
and please her
And touch but her smicket and all's your own.*

Would you have her, the lady of your delight,
You must wait at her lodging both day
and night;
You must ogle and bring her your music, music;
Tell her you die when she's out of sight;
Bless her and dress her with silken gown;
Take her and make her sit fairly down;
Squeeze her and please her and ogle
and cogle**
Then have at her whim-wham and all's
your own.

Do you fancy a widow well nown to man?
With a front of assurance come boldly on;
Let her not rest an hour, but quickly, quickly,
Put her in mind how her time runs on;
Rattle and prattle although she frown;

*Smicket: smock.

**Cogle: fondle.

Rouse her and towse her from morn to noon;*
Show her some hour you're able to grapple,
Then get at her pussy, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a punk of a humor free**
That's kept by a fumbler of quality?***
You must rail at her keeper and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best charm is variety.
Swear her much fairer than all the town;
Try her and ply her when cully's gone;
Dog her, and jog her, meet her and treat her,
And kiss with two guineas and all's your own.

Wit and Mirth Improved, 16th ed. (1740)

A RIDDLE

By the end of the first quarter of the Eighteenth Century, the publication of collections of erotic poetry, usually masked as wit and gallantry, was

*Rouse her and towse her: tease and wrestle with her.

**Punk: whore or mistress.

***Fumbler: old man, with the implication that he is impotent.

a commonplace. The indefatigable Edmund Curll was largely responsible, but other printers quickly followed suit. The collections themselves followed a specific pattern, designed to increase sales. The authors anthologized were persons of rank, a fact which apparently made the books of uncommon interest to the less exalted classes. There was frequently some sort of essay on the life of the author, and an appreciation of his works; this leant a measure of respectability to poems which, if not legally censorable — England not having censorship laws per se — were at least shocking to the sensation-seeking public.

Having anthologized the available or more commercial poets and poems, the cheap printers turned to less lofty collections of bawdy poems by hack writers. "The Gentleman's Miscellany in Verse and Prose," published in 1731, was a variation on that theme: interspersed with moral and didactic poems and essays, was a covey of less moral poems upon which sales of the book rested. The intent of the book is made quite clear by the fact that it was issued under the pseudonym of Sir Butterfly Maggot, Kt.; had the publisher intended his work to be anything more than a ribald entertainment, he would have falsely attributed the collection to a writer safely dead, but newly discovered.

To all you fair females who sometimes partake
In the choicest of junkets with [gallant
or rake],
Who know what is usual in each bill of fare,
From snug tete-a-tete to a feast with
Lord Mayor,
Come guess if you can at a dish that was sent
To some dames at the Bath to their special
content.
Be it nown to you, puddings, like each
mortal thing,
Are inclined to return to the place whence
they spring,
But this, by the by, this pudding was such
They thought it impossible to have too much.
And as some people talk of the
pineapple's flavor,
That all tastes you think of, or ask for
you have there,
So these ladies assert that this delicate dish
Gives a snatch of each pleasure a woman
can wish,
And agreed with one voice 'twas such special
good stuff
That thought it was bellyful, 'twas not enough.
No stomach, they said, was so weak or
so strong,
No appetite could be so old or so young
But ten times a day, and ten times a night,

They may relish a slice of 't with utmost delight.
To hear with such praises its goodness unfolded
Be sure set the hearers agog to behold it.
Each thought it was what they e'er knew
to their fill;
Some guessed it was counters, or cards, or
quadrille;
Others said it was tea, and others a dram;
And others were sure that it must be a flam,
Observing, with Solomon, no human joy,
But too often repeated, will certainly cloy.
The girls grinned, and tittered, and whispering,
guessed
What the pudding must be that made such
a feast.
While the prudes held their hand up, and
looked as amazed
To hear people talk thus, and thought they
were crazed,
Crying, "Ladies, for shame, let us find
other chat.
If a stranger should hear us, he'd think God
knows what."
The dames laughed aloud at such a surmise,
And went on with the joke to increase the
surprise,
Asserting full roundly they need not be
squeamish,

For a saint might take part on 't without
any blemish.
'Twas the hope of the maids, and the widow's
sole comfort,
And the modest-est wives ne're look but at
home for 't;
That in ev'ry country, and climate, and nation,
It had been, and still is, and would be
the fashion,
Except in a convent, 'mongst cloisters and
fools,
Bound by bar'rous vows to unnatural rules.
Nay, so strongle each sex is inclined to
partake on 't,
That they're perjured sometimes, e'en mere for
the sake on 't,
And if you can't guess it, we'll tell you,
my dears,
But lest you should blush for 't, a word
in your ears.
'Tis ——, but take special care how ye use it;*
It loses all virtue whene'er you abuse it.
Like all other puddings, the merit commending,
The proof of its goodness lies most in
the spending.

The Gentleman's Miscellany in Verse and Prose, (1731)

*The dash is in the original. The reader is left to his own imagination.

THE MEMBERS TO THEIR SOVEREIGN

This ode to Handstaff is credited in The Gentleman's Miscellany *to a "Mr. D———d," the true identity of whom is unknown. Without doubt, the gossips had their own idea about the authorship.*

O thou, designed by nature to control,
And in the center placed to guide the whole,
What praise to suit thy merit shall we bring,
Or how, great limb, thy nervous glory sing?

From thee our nobler talents we derive,
Courage to act, and cunning to contrive.
With thee we flourish, and with thee we fall.
Of health thou sure prognostic to us all.

When chance or vigor does expose thy face,
Though prudes may frown and gravely
quit the place,
Soft maids, with giddy eyes, thy luster see,
Dazzled, like slaves at eastern majesty.

They smile, and blush, and peep, and fly,
and turn,
And in the pleasing conflict chide, and burn.
No steel like thee their paleness can relieve;
E'en widows, by thy aid, forget to grieve.

What though with blood thy conquests oft
are stained,
To either party's joy they still are gained,
Nor dost thou swell, vainglorious, with success,
But after action still retired, and less,
The hero and the sage at once confess.

That thou art just, thy very foes agree,
Partial to no condition or degree,
Nor e'er consult the fair one's pedigree,
But visit both the wealthy and the poor,
And knock, like equal death, at ev'ry door.

Honor, that sullen guardian power who dwells
In unfrequented caves and barren cells,
Howe'er resolved, her folding gate unlocks,
Unable to resist thy mighty shocks.
Yet some pretend thou art a paradox:
Though blind, yet bold; though dumb, you
teach to speak;
Strong without bones; and through your
triumph weak.

But Nature on thy vigor still relies,
And for her fading labors hope supplies.
On boldly then, your youthful heat employ,
And strenuously force your way to joy;
Yet all excesses, as pernicious, shun,
Nor strain the tenth laborious heat to run,
By cursed ambition led, or fond entreaties won.
So long as matrons will you find respect;
Maintain your crimson blush, and form erect.

Pleased we'll pursue, where e'er you
lead the way,
And your dear laws implicitly obey.
By day, by night, through heats, through
winter's snow,
Fatigue and danger scorned, we'll boldly go,
Not coldly asking why when you command;
For you in reason's place triumphant stand.

Long in superior glory may'st thou thrive,
And may we ne're thy active power survive!
Scorned shall we be, when thou canst charm
no more,
And slighted by the sex we pleased before.
Strong as thou art, thy stubborn neck
must yield;
One day, reluctant, thou must quit the field.
Then shall the nymphs thy drooping head
deride,

Though now the maiden's dream and
matron's pride.

Hence gloomy thought, while yet our
monarch reigns,
And the quick torrent boils within our veins,
And thou, great chief, the gloomy thought
forgive,
Nor sink with sudden grief, but rise and live!
Thee to some fond, expecting nymph we'll bear,
And beds of roses for thy bliss prepare.

May no alarms your softer hours annoy,
Still in sweet peace repeat the kindly joy.
May no disgust e'er lessen your desire,
No flatus raise thee with deceitful fire,
No spells from slighted maids your courage foil,
While on yourself you shamefully recoil,
Or vainly for the important minute toil.
And still, dear wanderer, may'st thou be free
From the infected rover's infamy!
Dire plague! which heav'n has long reserved
in store
To damp the envied joy too great before.
But if the pow'rs this perfect bliss deny,
And needs must punish your inconstancy,
Then sighed and, with a virgin blush complied.

Rather when old, and loaded with renown,
A priapism all your labors crown,
And may you prove the dildo of the town.

The Gentleman's Miscellany in Verse and Prose (1731)

DORINDA
In Imitation of Ovid's Corinnae Concubitus

This is, as the title indicates, a frank imitation of classic Roman poetry. It was probably written during the Restoration — although not printed until some fifty years later — if the reference to "Cleveland," King Charles I's mistress, is to be taken as an eye-witness account.

Twelve was th' appointed hour, a lonely grove
The rendezvous of soft, transporting love.
Thither I went to meet the lovely fair,
To meet the beautiful Dorinda there.
I saw the nymph approach in loose attire,
She all o'er love, and I all o'er desire.
Cl[evelan]nd could ne'er so many charms
display

When in her monarch's arms she melting lay;
Nor O———ld tread with half so fine a grace,
O———ld, whom thousands covet to embrace.
I seized my trembling prey, pulled back
her gown,
Rented her shift, and gently lay her down.
"Forbear, dear lovely youth, forbear," she cried,
"You shall not, will not, must not —
be denied,"
Then sighed, and with a virgin blush complied.

Soon I was master of the covered way,
And viewed Dorinda naked as she lay.
Gods! what a scene was opened to my eye!
A thousand beauties did my fancy try.
Her skin was white, and soft as falling snow;
Her neck, her breasts, and ev'ry part below
Like polished alabaster, smooth and fair,
Except one little tuft of coal-black hair
Which Nature kindly planted — you
know where.

Charmed with the sight, I could no longer hold,
But in my eager arms the nymph enfold.
She grasped me round, as ivy grips the oak.
She hugged, she kissed, but not one word
she spoke.
Panting she lay, breathed short, and rolled
her eyes,
Using such arts as women can devise.

I gazed upon her beateous face a while,
And saw the coming fair begin to smile.
I then did what can never be expressed.
I did — Think, lovers, think, and guess the rest,
For no man, sure, was ever half so blest.

The Gentleman's Miscellany in Verse and Prose (1731)

A SONG AGAINST A SINGLE MISTRESS

The ability to toss off a bit of rhymed verse was much prized by the denizens of Restoration society. Much of the poetry was written with no view towards publication but merely to be circulated among friends in the court or at the more popular taverns. So many of the poems were circulated that eventually publishers began gathering them together in omnibus collections called "drolleries". When the tavern-born output of lampoons and satires thinned out, the publishers would add a choice selection of the latest stage songs to fill out the pages.

Fain would I love my Delia two days more,
She kisses sweetly, and 's so nimbly stirred;

And he that loves his mistress or a whore
Above two days, let him be hanged the third.
Two days enough is physic; so long she
(Who's later poison) may prove health to me.

What did I say? Two days? I do repent
As of my doting and intemperate stay;
In shorter time my doting may be spent,
For Venus' self, it seems, tried but a day.
But she who this day may be true to me
Tomorrow I may find in bed with thee.

This not the number nor plurality
That swells the sin, or greater makes the shame.
One as a hundred is adultery —
Though change the person, yet the sin's
the same.
To kiss a hundred whores is no more crimes
Than 'tis to kiss one whore a hundred times.

Born under some ill planet, or acurst,
Sure is that man that loves one single whore,
And with one drink does always quench
his thirst,
And loves one single mistress and no more.
There's no more curse, nor other torments here,
Nor greater plague, than love one whore
too dear.

London Drollery, (1673)

A NEW CATCH

He that marries a girl that's fair,
If he be a cuckold, he needs not despair.
He may be saved without a prayer
For the sins of his wife shall save him.

But he that marries an ugly whore,
And takes a wench on another score,
May say his prayers o're and o're,
But at length the Devil will have him.

London Drollery (1673)

EPIGRAMS

The essence of Restoration wit and invective is best captured in the short, pithy barbs called epigrams. Those rakes who were capable in the form were praised by their friends — and damned by their enemies — even though they might be unable to rhyme another line.

In most cases, the object of the epigram and poet's ire is obscure, their identity masked from posterity because of the stylistic device of using names borrowed — like the form itself — from classic literature. The names of the authors of most

of the epigrams are also lost; poets, even though they were court gallants, have traditionally preferred anonymity to the chance of injury or death in a duel.

These short poems have been culled from three volumes of epigrams published in 1727 and 1735.

Cried Strephon, panting in Cosmelia's arms,
"I die, bright nymph. I die amidst your
charms!"
"Cheer up, dear youth," replied the maid
Dissolved in am'rous pain,
"All men must die — bright boy, you know —
E're they can rise again."

A Collection of Epigrams (1727)

Ten months after Florimel happened to wed,
And was brought, in a laudable manner, to bed,
She warbled her groans with so charming
a voice
That one half of the parish was stunned by
the noise.
But when Florimel chose to lie privately in
Twelve months before she and her spouse
were akin,
She chose with such prudence her pangs
to conceal
That her nurse, nay her midwife, scarce heard
her once squeal.

Learn husbands from hence, for the peace
of your lives,
That maids make not half such a tumult
as wives.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Upon a Lady, Who Finding Her Pocket Wet, Pretended She Had Broke Her Hartshorn Bottle in It.

This quatrain is apologetically footnoted by the editor in the first volume of the 1735 collection: "We are afraid the humor of this turn won't be sufficient to excuse the indecency; but let our readers consider how difficult it is to find every excellence in conjunction; it is certainly an epigram according to the strictest rules."

A "hartshorn bottle" is a small vial of ammonia or smelling salts which ladies of the period carried for emergencies.

Ye sons of verse, transmit to fame
How blessed the life of miss is.
When she breaks wind, shock bears the blame,
And hartshorn when she pisses.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Epitaph on a Gentleman Who Died by Taking Cantharides

Here old Grubbinol lies,
Upon very odd terms:
First a prey to the [flies],
Now a prey to the worms.
Let those who grieve for him not wonder
he's blown,
For the carcass must rot when the flesh
is fly-blown.
Yet this may be said in his praise,
Though death, cruel death, from us tore him:
He died by endeav'ring to raise
His friend who lay dead before him.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Cornus proclaims aloud his wife's a whore.
Alas, good Cornus, what can we do more?
Wert thou no cuckold, we might make thee one,
But being one, we cannot make thee none.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

When Thomas calls his wife his half,
I like the fellow's whim.
For why? She horns him; so the jilt
Belongs but half to him.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Your mistress, that you follow whores,
still taxeth you;
'Tis strange that she should thus confess
it, though 't be true.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Epitaph on Sally Salisbury

Here flat on her back, but inactive at last,
Poor Sally lies under grim Death.
Through the course of her vices she
galloped so fast,
No wonder she's now out of breath.
To the goal of her pleasures she drove
very hard,
But was tripped up ere half way she ran,
And though every one fancied her life
was a yard,
Yet it proved to be less than a span.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Apology for Wedlock

In marriage are two happy things allowed:
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud.
How can the marriage-state then be accursed,
Since the last day's as happy as the first?

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

An old stale widower, loving a young wench,
Told her naught but herself his love
could quench.
"Good sir," quoth she, "your lustful suit
withdraw;
You shall not thatch my new house
with old straw."

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Death Made Busy

If death must come, as oft as breath departs,
Then he must often die who often farts;
And if to die, be but to lose one's breath,
Then death's a fart, and so a fart for death.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Says Sir John to my lady, as together they sat,
"My dear, shall we sup first or do
you-know-what?"
With an innocent smile, replied the good lady,
"Sir John, what you please — but supper's
not ready."

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Fair Ursly, in a merry mood,
Consulted her physician,
What time was best to stir the blood
And spirits by coition.

Quoth Woodward: "If my judgement's right,
And answer worth returning,
You'll find it pleasantest o'er night,
Most wholesome in the morning."
Quoth Ursly: "Then for pleasure's sake,
Each ev'ning will I take it;
And ev'ry morning, when I awake,
My constant physic make it."

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

How capricious were nature and art to poor Nell!
She was painting her cheeks at the time her
nose fell.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Belinda has such wond'rous charms
'Tis heaven to lie within her arms,
And she's so charitably given,
She wishes all mankind in Heaven.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

A True Maid

"No, no, for my virginity,
When I lose that," says Rose, "I'll die."
"Behind the elms last night," cried Dick,
"Rose, were you not extremely sick?"

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

Saving Advice to E[dmund] C[url]l, on His Advertising a Third Volume of Letters

C[url]l, let me advise you, whatever betides,
To let this third volume alone.

The second's sufficient for all our backsides,
So pray keep the third for your own.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. II (1735)

Charged with writing of bawdry, this was
F——ng's reply:
" 'Tis what Dryden and Congreve have done
well as I."
'Tis true—but they did it with this good
pretence:
With an ounce of rank bawdry went a pound
of good sense,
But thou has proportioned, in thy judgment
profound,
Of good sense scarce an ounce, and of bawdry
a pound.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. II (1735)

A whore is like a squirrel that doth veil
And cover all her body with her tail.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. II (1735)

Upon a Woman of the Town

Before enjoyment, lovers cry
Of Cupid's fiery darts they die;
Yet, once possessed, the fair complains
No spark of all the flame remains.
The swain that tries this lovely dame,
After enjoyment, finds the flame.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. II (1735)

MY HEART IS PROUD YOUR CHAINS TO WEAR

This must be counted one of the more unusual love poems. Generally, the poet does not write of poxes and pustules, chancres and crabs—those all too common gifts of love—in delicate rhymes to the lady fair.

My heart is proud your chains to wear,
But reason will not stoop.
I love that angel's face, but fear
The serpent in your hoop.

That circle is a magic spell
To make the wisest fall.
Its center black and deep,—like Hell,
Contains the dev'l and all.

Your eyes discharge the darts of love,
But oh, what pains succeed!
When darts shall pine and needles prove,
And love a fire indeed.

A Collection of Epigrams, Vol. I (1735)

A JUST, TRUE, AND HONORABLE DESCRIPTION OF MARRIAGE

The rakes and gallants who wrote so much of the occasional poetry of the Restoration which found its way into print were not particularly enthusiastic about the married state, even though most of them eventually married. They much preferred their freedom and the casual alliances of whores and mistresses. This habit, once formed, they rarely troubled themselves to break after marriage. Yet while they might flit from wife to mistress, they fully expected their wives to remain faithful; the man who'd been horned or cuckolded was a frequent mark for the satirist. Next to the cuckold, the state of holy matrimony itself was the most popular target of the poetic wits.

Out of stark love and kindness, and arrant
devotion,
Of marriage I'll give this galloping notion:
'Tis the bane of all bus'ness, the end of all
pleasure,
The consumption of youth, wit, virtue and
treasure.
'Tis the rack of our thoughts, the nightmare of
sleep
That calls us to work before the day speed,
That bids us make brick without stubble or straw.
A wife has no sense of conscience or law.
If you must be for flesh, take the way that is
noble:
In a generous wench, there's nothing of trouble.
You kiss and you clip, stay, do what you please,
And the worst you can fear is but a disease,
And diseases, you know, may hope to be cured,
But the torment of marriage can ne'er be
endured.

London Drollery (1673)

PORTSMOUTH'S LOOKING GLASS

This is another of the harangues aimed at the King's mistress, the Duchess of Portsmouth.

Methinks I see you newly risen
From your embroidered bed and pissing
With studied mein and much grimace;
Present yourself before your glass,
To varnish and run o'er your graces
You rubbed off in your night embraces;
To set your hair, your eyes, your teeth,
And all those powers you conquer with;
Lay trains of love and state-intrigues
In powders, trimmings, and curled wigs;
And nicely choose and neatly spread
Upon your cheeks the best French red.
Indeed, for whites, none can compare
With those you naturally wear;
And though her highness much delights
To laugh and talk about your whites,
I never could conceieve your Grace
Made use of any for your face.
Here 'tis you practice all your arts
To triumph o'er a monarch's heart;
Tattle and smile, and wink and twink on 't—
It almost makes me spew to think on 't.
These are your master strokes of beauty
That keeps poor Rowley to hard duty,
And how can all these be withstood
By frail, amorous flesh and blood?
These are the charms that have bewitched him
As if a conjurer's rod had switched him,
Made him he knows not what to do

But loll and fumble here with you.
Amongst you ladies, and his chitts,*
At cards and council here he sits,
Yet minds not how they play at either,
Nor cares not when 'tis walking weather.
Business and power he has resigned
And all things to your mighty mind.
Is there a minister of state,
Or any treasurer of late
That's fawning and imperious too?
He owes his greatness all to you,
And as you see just cause to do 't,
You keep him in, or turn him out.
Hence 'tis you give us war and peace,
Raise men, disband them as you please,
Take any pensions, retrench wages
for petticoats and lusty pages,
Contrive and execute all laws,
Suiting judges to the cause.
Learned Scroggs and honest Jeffreys,
A faithful friend to you whore is,
He made the jury come in booty,**
and for your service would hang Doughty.
You govern every council meeting,
Making the fools do as you think fitting.

---

*Chitts: a derogatory term for a young girl.
**Come in booty: play falsely.

Your royal Cully has command
Only from you at second hand.
He does but at the helm appear,
Sits there and sleeps while your slaves steer,
And you are the bright northern star,
By which they guide this man-of-war;
Yet, without doubt, they might conduct
Him better, were you better fucked.
Many begin to think of late
His crown and cods have both one date;
For as they fall, so falls the state,
And as his reigns prove loose and weak,
The reins of government must break.

Poem on the Affairs of State from the time of Oliver Cromwell to the Abdication of K. James the Second Written by the Greatest Wits of the Age (1697)

INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS MISTRESS HOW TO BEHAVE HERSELF AT SUPPER WITH HER HUSBAND

The title is self-explanatory.

Since to restrain our joys, that ill but rude
Familiar thing, your husband, will intrude,
For a just judgment may th' unwelcome guest
At this night's lucky supper eat his last.
Oh, how shall I with patience e'er stand by

While my Corinna gives another joy?
His wanton hand in her soft bosom warms,
And folds about her neck his clasping arms.
Oh, torturing sight, but since it must be so,
Be kind, and learn what 'tis I do have you do.
Come first be sure, for though the place may
prove
Unfit for all we wish, you'll show me love,
When called to table, you demurely go
Gently in passing, touch my hand or so.
Mark all my actions, well observe my eye,
My speaking, signs, and to each sign reply.
If I do ought of which you would complain,
Upon your elbow languishingly lean.
But if you're pleased with what I do or say,
Steal me a smile, and snatch your eyes away.
When you reflect on our past secret joys,
Hold modestly your fan before your eyes,
And when the nauseous husband tedious grows,
Your lifted hands with scornful anger close
As if you called for revenge from above
Upon that dull impediment to love.
A thousand skillful ways we'll find to show
Our mutual love, which none but we shall know.
I'll watch the parting glass where e'er you drink,
And where your lips have touched it, kiss the
brink;
Likewise the dish that in your reach does stand,
Taking the plate, I so may feel your hand.

But what he recommends to you to eat
Coyly refuse, as if you loathed the meat,
Nor let his matrimonial right appear
By any ill-timed household freedom there.
Let not his fulsome arms embrace your waist,
Nor lolling head upon your bosom rest.
One kiss would straight make all my passion known,
And my fierce eyes with rage would claim their own.
Yet what thus passes will be done i' th' light,
But, oh! the joys that may be kept from sight:
Legs locked in legs, thighs pressing thighs, and all
The wanton spells that up love's fury call.
Those cunning arts that I so oft have used,
Make me now fear to be myself abused.
To clear my doubts, so far your chair remove
As may prevent the intelligence of love.
Put him in mind of pledging ev'ry health,
And let the tutored page add wine by stealth.
The sot grown drunk, we easier may retire,
And do as the occasion will require.
But after all, alas, how small the gains
Will be for which we take such mighty pains.
Torn from my arms, you must go home to bed,
And leave your poor forsaken lover dead.
Cruel divorce, enough to break my heart,
Without you promise this before we part:
When my blest rival goes to reap his joy,

Receive him so as may the bliss destroy.
Let not the least kind of mark of love escape,
But all be duty and a lawful rape.
So deadly cold and void of all desire
That like a charm it may put out the fire;
But if compelled you should at least comply,
When we meet next, be sure you all deny.

Poems on Affairs of State from the Time of Oliver Cromwell to the Abdication of K. James the Second Written by the Greatest of the Age (1697)

A SONG

This is by Charles, Lord Binning, son of the sixth Earl of Haddington. A handful of his poetic efforts are included in the collection of his father's work. Had Lord Binning lived longer—he died in 1773 at the age of 36—he might have achieved some measure of fame to rival his father.

Miss Nancy, young and innocent,
Last night was made a bride;
But long ere day, in discontent,
She did kind Willie chide.

"Base wretch," she said, and then she wept,
"Why told you things untrue?

Would I my maidenhead have kept,
Or not have given 't you?

"To honor you have no regard,
You false, you perjured man.
You swore that something was a yard
When it is scarce a span."

Select Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington [sic] (1824)

THE PLEASURES OF COITION OR THE NIGHTLY SPORTS OF VENUS

This is another of Edmund Curll's essays into the erotic. It was written by a Frenchman, Jean Bonefon, who served as Lieutenant-General of Paris. Bonefon, or Bonefonius as he styled himself in his single collection of poems in Latin, was one of the many men of the Renaissance on the Continent and in England who adapted the conceits and styles of classic literature which had been rediscovered and popularized during the period. There is a serious question as to whether authors such as Bonefonius used the classics as a disguise for their own eroticism, or whether they were modelling themselves after the openly erotic in the classic literature in order to

capitalize on the pruriency of their readers. Bonefonius may well have been guiltless; after all, his contemporaries were much more honest about the erotic and scatological than is Twentieth Century society.

I

Oh pleasing, pleasing shades of night,
Darkness with luckiest omens crowned,
Darkness (more clear to me than light)
Which overspreads the world around,
Conduct [on that bright air] for whom I burn,
With whom my life, my soul, and all its joys
return.

II

Come, beauteous Cloe, to my arms;
Come, pretty turtle, softest dove,
Rush to my soul, with all thy charms.
I'll gratify the Queen of Love.
Long have I stayed, but crowned with glad
success,
I'll grasp, with twining arms, the wished for,
coming bliss.

III

Ah! cruel and relentless fair!
Can you sit thus my love disdaining
Whilst here I languish in despair,
Of your unkind delays complaining?
Come, let me from your lips that honey taste,
And from your mouth draw in that pure,
sweetest blast.

IV

Why can't we join such balmy kisses
Whose pleasure will not soon expire?
Can you thus mock my fond addresses,
Bright flame! that sets my soul on fire?
Why can't that boon at my request be given
Which you, in private, beg from all the powers
of heaven.

V

But though Love's flames within you lie,
Though he reigns monarch of your heart,
With artful coyness you deny
That prize with which you'd gladly part,

And seem—if man to woman's looks may
trust—
To shun the soft delight and spurn at wanton
lust.

VI

I beg, by all your native charms,
That sparkling, wanton, shining eye
Which ev'ry power of man alarms;
Those cheeks of purest crimson dye;
Those locks which waving fan that beauteous
face,
Dispensing, as they flow, more than an artful
grace.

VII

That bosom which so fair excels,
Those breasts, than snow more soft and white,
Whose newborn roundness heaves and swells
And captures mortals with the sight,
By those twin jewels bright I thee implore
Extinguish all my flames, my dying powers
restore.

VIII

Ah! faithless charmer, must I lie
Scorching in these uncommon flames,
Unless one look from that bright eye,
My soul and all its powers reclaims?
Come, cupid, come auspicious Queen of Love,
Appease the rigid fair, and these my cares
remove.

IX

Deep from my soul I sent these sighs,
And prayers to the great powers above.
I pierced the clouds with mournful cries
Which reached at last the throne of Jove.
Lo! Cloe yields, the raging tempests cease
Which labored in her breast, and all her soul
is peace.

X

Her looks grow quiet and serene.
Her virgin modesty appears
In her fair face; hail, brightest scene!
Hence fly my vain, deluding fears.
Now pearly drops steal gently down her cheeks;
From chastity they flow, and thus her silence
breaks.

XI

Cloe to your embrace flies,
With mutual fire she burns for you;
With your addresses she complies,
And will by turns the bliss renew.
Modestly bold she comes with every power.
The prize I grasped, and blessed the smiling
hour.

XII

Wilst now in bed composed she lies,
My fires with force redoubled creep
To that dear flame that gave 'em rise,
Like rivers to their parent deep.
Prostrate I traverse o'er her form divine,
Embracing ev'ry part where nameless graces
shine.

XIII

Our legs in Cupid's fetters locked,
Our lips, like birdlime, sticking fast,
Our limbs by grateful Venus yoked,
Round her white neck my arms I cast.
Fixed on her panting breasts, like glue, I dwell,
And loosely, gently press the part I like so well.

XIV

Now to those groves I wing my way
Where sports the golden Cyprian Queen.
To Cupid's gardens then I stray,
Gardens with Spring eternal green,
Where, pleased, I crop the purple, blushing rose,
And 'midst a thousand sweets my drooping head
repose.

XV

Kisses too fragrant I enjoy.
Oh, that the pleasure would but last!
Fruits, too delicious soonest cloy;
I envy when I lose my taste.
Whilst thus we knit in Cupid's closest ties,
Soul intermixing soul in pleased confusion dies.

XVI

Witness the sports of mutual love,
Thou bed of gold whereon we lie;
Thou watch-light which dost faithful prove,
How much the night can day outvy
Whilst we close joined in these sweet, binding
chains,
The heat of fervent love diffuse through all
our veins.

XVII

Thus while the genial liquor flowing
Bedews our inward languid limbs,
Our lips, with mutual kisses glowing,
To [their] full height each pleasure climbs.
Our tongues, to taste each other's sweetness, meet;
Each winking, sparkling eye declares each gen'rous heat.

XVIII

Now, ye superior powers, blessed,
From envy free, enjoy your state;
Jove of thy thunder live possessed,
Since I'm as happy, and as great,
Let me this little empire long retain.
Ye Gods! Your heavens keep. Monarchs! unenvied reign.

XIX

Thus sporting in love's pleasing motion,
My Cloe's dewy lips I press,
Which flow with nectar (divine potion!)
Heightening the gust of ev'ry kiss.
Now in her tender arms I die away,
And swim in her bright eyes, rivals of clearest day.

XX

Now with the bracelets of her hair
I play where curls delightful flow.
I kiss her breasts, divinely fair,
Which, heaving in her bosom, glow,
Whiter than which the Queen of Soft Desires
Boasts not. They feel my soul and nourish all its fires.

XXI

Sometimes I kiss her snowy neck,
In raptures rove from grace to grace,
Then gently mark her rosy cheek,
At last her thighs I freely trace,
Thighs smooth as marble, white as snows that fall,
Where Cupid sentry stands to guard his mother's all.

XXII

With thousand wanton kisses sporting,
Like pretty turtles in the groves
Pairing their mates, while joy transporting

Their souls, they coo their little loves.
Each strives with generous passion to outvie.
Each strives to mark our love, till mutually we die.

XXIII

Then with the breath of purest air
From mouths half open, we transfuse
Our wand'ring souls, till, tired with war,
A gentle sweat our limbs bedews.
Panting, we long engaged, but at the last,
Love flags, our spirits droop, the happy moment's past.

XXIV

Thus pleasure's fountain once exhausted,
From which the vital marrow flowed,
That heart, whose courage oft I boast,
Now trembling sinks beneath its load,
And sleep that death-like form, kind refuge brings;
But on those breasts I die, from whence new vigors springs.

XXV

Scarce had one short lived hour revolved,
She wanton jogs me, war provoking,
Tickles me on her point resolved,
Tempts me with kisses all provoking.

My lips she presses with a gentle bite,
Fawing with female arts which sure to arms
invite.

XXVI

"My dear," says she, "can you lie dead,
Idle and lost in mists of sleep?"
At which I raise my drowsy head,
And quick to Cupid's arms I leap,
But find the chief spirit of nature dry.
The arts of war I search, new vigor to supply.

XXVII

At first I hand in hand engaged;
Then at a distance threw a dart;
Last a full push I made, enraged,
Which pleasing, pierced her vital part.
Each answers ev'ry stroke; their part each play.
We boldly act, and all love's duties bravely pay.

XXVIII

Our souls their former joys renew.
We raise new sport and wanton jesting.
Our eyes each other's charms review
In ev'ry form of love contesting.
At last our bodies, warm'd with mutual fires,
To prove each other's aid, to join in one,
conspire.

XXIX

Now ye propitious shades of night,
To you ten thousand times adieu!
Attendants on that great delight
Which gods would envy if they knew.
A night so pleasant Juno can't bestow,
Nor could the Queen of Love, with Mars, a
better know.

XXX

Once more, adieu, ye pleasing hours
Which I, with thousand charms surrounded,
With Cloe spent; whilst all love's powers
With thousand wanton tricks abounded;
Whilst we, by turns, each other's beauty praised
And from each view, new wonder and
amazement raised.

XXXI

We greeted, murmured, whispered, sighed,
Checked, to provoke again to pleasure;
We warred, with tickling laughter, died,
But we could live again at leisure.

We billed, like cooing doves, sweet wounds we
gave.
By turns we lived, we died, each other's life
to save.

The Pleasures of Coitions (1721)

SONG FOR A GIRL

John Dryden, one of the true giants of English literature, produced a great quantity of poems, plays, translations, tracts, pamphlets and scribblings which bulk to eighteen large volumes in most of the standard collections of his works. Significantly, however, these supposedly complete collections do not contain the ribald works Dryden ground out, and most of these have disappeared. The few extant are not commonly found, perhaps because people do not like to have their minor gods have feet of clay or, scandal of scandals, sex organs.

Young I am, and yet unskilled
How to make a lover yield,
How to keep or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true,

Ere I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lie and to betray.
He that has me first is blessed,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a jaunty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

Love Triumphant

SONG FROM MARRIAGE A LA MODE

Whilst Alexis lay pressed
In [the] arms he loved best,
With his hand round her neck and his head
on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

When Caelia saw this,
With a sigh and a kiss,
She cried, "Oh, my dear, I am robbed of my
bliss.
'Tis unkind to your love and unfaithfully done.
To leave me behind you and die all alone."

The youth, though in haste,
And breathing his last.
In pity died slowly while she died more fast,
Till at length, she cried, "Now, my dear, now
let us go!
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too."

Thus entranced they did die,
Till Alexis did try
To recover more breath that again he might die.
Then often they died, but the more they did so,
The nymph died more quick and the shepherd
more slow.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED

Thomas Hamilton, sixth Earl of Haddington (1680-1735), was born fifty years too late to enjoy the company of the court wits of the Restoration. But Haddington would have been comfortable at ease with the likes of Sedley and Rochester. Unlike the court wits, upon whom he apparently modeled himself, Haddington's bawdy poetry was published within his own lifetime, and, even more remarkable, with his name on it.

"Tell me, friend John, do, if you can,
What is the reason, if a man
Attempts to take a lady fair
By you know what, lies you know where,

That while he lives, he still shall find
The female, be she cross or kind,
Fret, frown, and push his hand away.
Tell me the reason, tell me pray."

Thoughtful and safe, John sat a while,
Then answered Thomas with a smile,
"Thomas, a case you never put,
But it begins or ends in smut.
None but the wicked can applaud ye,
Since all your thoughts still run on bawdry;
But yet, for once, my friend, I'll try,
If I your doubts can satisfy.

"Woman still make a great pretence
To modesty and innocence,
And about virtue make a rout.
This is the reason without doubt."
"Ah, friend," said Thomas, with concern,
"I see you are but still to learn.
Your understanding's good for naught.
And you are better fed than taught.
Virtue and modesty's a story,
As little thought on as John Dory.*
Listen, you shall the reason know.
Whenever you trust your hand below,
All women, be they foul or fair,
Know that a hand is useless there,

*The hero of a popular ballad and nursery rhyme; John Dory was an inconsequential fellow.

But if, from May-day to December,
You offer there the proper member,
Push as you will to give them pain,
They'll neither wince, nor yet complain."

Select poems on Several Occasions by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington [sic] (1824)

AN EPISTLE TO THE EARL OF HARRINGTON AS FROM HIS PARSON

In contrast to the contemporary report that Haddington (the 1824 edition of his works insists on calling him "Harrington") was "much affected," the Earl frequently made fun of himself in his poetry. To Haddington's credit, few others have done so.

Whilst you indulge in gay delight,
And lie with harlots ev'ry night,
Without reflecting on the harms
Are got in mercenary arms,
I for you danger pensive sit,
And pray to Heav'n to send you wit.

Are you (who sit in highest place
Of all my church) so void of grace,
That you the fleeting hours employ
In vile, sophisticated joy?
For I can guess what kind of dames
They are who cool your youthful flames.

A battered strump, who, since her prime,
Has lived in one continued crime,
And from each stallion ta'en a thrust
Till she has ev'n survived her lust,
And now for want, the thriftless jade
Still follows on the wretched trade;
And though no kind of joys she feel
Must still be turning up her keel;
And doth, with wheedling tricks, betray
Unthinking mortals every day.

Perhaps you'll say you're on your guard,
And fearing to be thus ensnared,
Upon the common never stray,
But kiss the housemaid where you stay;
Who, at your call, is ever ready,
And doth the feat like any lady.

No doubt on 't as your footmen know,
On whom she freely doth bestow
The favors you are forced to buy.
What? Rival your own footman! fie!

Besides, consider, should you hap
To miss a pox or swinging clap,
Yet, if a bastard shall appear,
The brat may cost you full as dear.

Since diseases wrong the health,
And bastards do consume your wealth,
To fornication bid adieu,
And leave the rotten, painted crew.
Find out some virgin, fair and young,
From honest, wealthy parents sprung,
With real love address the maid,
And be not of success afraid.
She cannot sure resist your charms
That every female soul disarms.
Her joyful parents shall consent,
And ev'ry day your wealth augment.
Then you may pass your happy nights
In chaste and conjugal delights;
Your days be spent in joy and peace.
That this may ever be your case
Is the fervent prayer of P.C.

Select poems on Several Occasions by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington [*sic*] *(1824)*

THE QUESTION, TO DR. A

Having put himself and his divine into his poetry, Haddington might also borrow his friends. Notably, Dr. A———has the last word—put into his mouth, to be sure—with "The Doctor's Answer."

Tell me, good doctor, what's the cause
(You who studied Nature's laws),
Why women, of one shape and feature,
So far should differ in their nature?
By nature here I do not mean
A temper eaten with the spleen,
Nor one whose happy soul's at ease,
And has not thought but how to please;
But what I mean is only this:
Why one delights in amorous bliss,
While t' other, who has equal charms,
A stranger is to Love's alarms,
And talks of love with great despite
In which her sister takes delight.

To vouch the truth of what I say,
Two men I knew, both young and gay,
Who, wearied of a single life,
Took each of them a lovely wife,
The daughters of a certain knight,
Alike in features, shape and height.
I saw them married, put to bed;
Each husband got a maidenhead.

Next day the bridegrooms were content,
And I down to the country went.
Within a week I came to town,
And found my friends were both cast down.
I could not bear to see them so,
And to the one did frankly go,
And asked the reason of his grief.
He said, "I'm ruined past relief.
You see, my wife's a lovely sight,
And formed to give a man delight.
Her eyes and face to love entice,
But, ah! my friend, she's cold as ice.
No joy she gives, no joy can feel,
Nor meets my love with equal zeal,
And, spite of all her outward charms,
Like marble lies within my arms.
No calenture can warm her blood,*
Nor thaw the dull and stagnant flood.
Thus I am made to slave for life,
Tied to a fair, but joyless wife."

I left this friend in discontent,
And to the other straightway went.
I saw he was but ill at ease,
And kindly asked him his disease.

*Calenture: a tropical disease literally; figurative, burning passion.

"My friend," he said, then made a pause,
"You see me sad, and ask the cause.
From such a friend, I'll nothing hide.
Cursed be the day I got a bride.
For though she is made up of charms,
And came a virgin to my arms,
Yet I am wearied of my life,
And wish I ne're had got a wife.
She is so full of wanton play,
I get no rest by night or day;
Her youthful blood is still on fire;
She is all oven and hot desire.
Her pulse beats high, her bosom heaves;
The more I do the more she craves.
But when, by her resistless charms,
She draws me to her eager arms,
She's with the joy transported quite,
And dies away in vast delight.
Last night I like a parson toiled,
But was, in spite of vigor, foiled.
I laid me down, and would have slept,
When to my breast she fondly crept,
And giving me a burning kiss,
Begged that I would renew the bliss.
I asked her how she could support
The violence of amorous sport.
'My life,' said she, and squeezed my finger,
The more I'm thinged, I'm still the thinger."

THE DOCTOR'S ANSWER

Good sir, as for you natural question
(A thing too true to make a jest on),
At present I decline the task.
'Tis you should answer, I should ask.
Some things there are, if I might quote 'em
Which man can never search to bottom,
Too ticklish to be nearly touched,
Yet may in simile be couched.

Two fiddles lay, in size and frame
Alike, their wood and strings the same.
Them both by turns a minstrel tried,
And with the stick their bellies plied.
A clown stood by astonished much,
How, by the same apparent touch,
One sounded with melodious voice,
Whilst t' other made a jarring noise.
To him, the minstrel thus: "Thou dunderhead,
With as just cause thou might have wondered.
At winter's frost, or heat in June,
This fiddle here is out of tune."
Fiddles alone are not to blame;
The sticks must often take the shame,
Too feeble, short or limber chosen,
And often fail for want of rosin.

Select Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington [sic] (1824)

OLD REEKY

This sounds much as if Harrington put a dirty joke of the day into rhyme form, or, perhaps, was inspired by an actual occurrence. "Old Reeky" is a nickname for Edinburgh. A "reek" is a smell, however, so "old reeky" is old smelly, or a cunny warren.

In Edinburgh, famed for oysters and drink
For noise in the morning, in th' evening for stink,
I hear, for, thank Heaven, I never was there,
A dozen of families live on one stair;
By this means the stairs are crowded all day,
[With] ladies and coal-bearers oft in your way.
So sometimes your shins, and sometimes your heart,
As providence orders, may happen to smart.
But when night comes on, your danger grows great.
The stairs are all winding; they're steep and they're strait.*
And if you are rash, and no circumspect,
Each step that you take you venture your neck.
No lanthorn, no lamp, nor no kind of light
Is used in that city to guide you aright.

*Strait: narrow.

A comical fellow who lately was there
Declared that, one ev'ning a-climbing a stair,
His hand held before him, as still he was wont,
Went plump to the knucks in a lady's [cunt].
The inside was hot, and the outside was furred,

But yet its dumb owner spoke never a word,
But kicked like a devil. At last she cried out,
"You fumbling blockhead, what are
you about?"

"By God," said the fellow, who laughed
at the joke,
"I'm glad that your ladyship silence has broke.
Since you are a woman, I will thrust my
[prick] in,
But I thought you a cow by your [cunt]
and your kicking."

Select Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington [sic] (1824)

THE DYING TOAST

A "toast" is a woman whose health and beauty have been frequently hailed in wine; by extension, a "toast" is an immoral woman. With the double entendre of the title explained, the rest of the poem is self-explanatory.

A charming toast, upon a time,
Seized with a deep decay,
Whose beauty withered in her prime,
Upon her death-bed lay.

Two virtuous virgins, fair and young,
Sat silent by the maid.
At last the eldest found her tongue,
And to the other said:

"Believe me, child, I tell you truth.
You know I never lied.
Of all the p[ric]ks that from my youth
I to this day have tried

"Our parson's is by far the best.
'Tis full ten inches long.
It upwards to his belly pressed.
'Tis stiff, 'tis hard, 'tis strong.

"The very thought on 't gives delight,
Although it be but thin,
Yet, when he lay with me last night,
Nine times he thrust it in."

'Twas then the eldest sister spoke,
And thus the young replied:
"Your long and thin are but a joke.
Such baubles I have tried.

"Our curate's is by far more strong.
'Tis his alone can charm
For, though it is not quite so long,
'Tis twice as thick's my arm.

"Last night he to my bed did creep,
Although disquished with drink.*
Yet eight times, ere he went to sleep,
He filled up ev'ry chink.

"The curate shall be welcome still.
He cures my soul of grief.
He nobly doth my pulpit fill,
And gives my heart relief.

"The charming curate is my choice.
Do you the parson keep."
At last their dispute made a noise
That broke the fair one's sleep.

With joy the chaste debate she heard,
And, turning on her breech,
Her head above the clothes she reared,
And made this dying speech:

---

*Disquished: disquieted? "Disquished" seems to have escaped the lexicographers.

"Dear friends, were I to choose a p[rick],"
Cried out the grasping toast,
"I'd have it long; I'd have it thick,"
And then gave up the ghost.

Select Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Hon. the Earl of Harrington [sic] (1824)

TO DIANEME

Robert Herrick has achieved fame as the author of a number of lyrical love poems, most of them involving a young lady named Julia.

Show me thy feet, show me thy legs, thy thighs;
Show me those fleshy principalities;
Show me that hill (where smiling Love doth sit)
Having a living fountain under it.
Show me thy waist; then let me there withall
By the ascension of thy lawn, see all.

Hesperides (1648)

NO LOCK AGAINST LECHERY

By and large, Herrick's amorous poetry is not bawdy, the poet preferring to celebrate the pleasures of love and the beauties of one or another

mistress. This bit of advice was a bit unusual for the fastidious Herrick.

Bar close as you can, and bold fast
too your door
To keep out the lecher, and keep in the whore.
Yet, quickly you'll see by the turn of a pin,*
The whore to come out, or the lecher come in.

Hesperides (1648)

UPON SCOBBLE

"Scobble" in Herrick's poem was probably Sir Henry Scobell, clerk of Parliament from 1648 to 1660, a Royalist who turned his back on the monarchy to preserve life, limb and job. Herrick, a determined Royalist, despite the flight of the heir apparent to France, would be more than happy to help a little gossip on its malicious way.

Scobble for whoring whips his wife; and cries
He'll slit her nose; but blubb'ring, she replies,
"Good sir, make no more cuts i' th'
outward skin,
One slit's enough to let adult'ry in."

Hesperides (1648)

*A pin is a latch.

THE CURIOUS MAID, A TALE

This is credited to H———d J———s, Esq., a nom de plume of Matthew Prior. Prior is duly noted in the history books as the diplomat who fashioned the treaty ending the War of Spanish Succession in 1713. Prior's handiwork there not only brought a measure of peace to the continent's feuding monarchs, but also secured for England important commercial privileges. The skillful diplomat is also credited in one encyclopedia as a poet who wrote "pleasant society verse." Obviously, the man who wrote that entry did not have "The Curious Maid, a Tale" in mind.

Beauty's a gaudy sign, no more,
To tempt the gazer to the door.
Within the entertainment lies,
Far removed from vulgar eyes.

Thus Cloe, beautiful and gay,
As on her bed the wanton lay,
Hardly awake from dreaming o'er
Her conquests of the day before.

"And what's this hidden charm?" she cried,
And spurned th' embracing clothes aside
From limbs of such a shape and hue
As Titian's pencil never drew,
Resolved the dark abode to trace

Of female honor, or disgrace,
Where virtue finds her task too hard,
And often slumbers on the guard.
Th' attempt she makes, and buckles to
With all her might, but 'twould not do.
Still, as she bent, the part required,
As conscious of its shame, retired.

"What's to be done? We're all aground!"
Some other method must be found.
Water Narcissus' face could show,
And why not Cloe's charms below?
But with this project, she applies
The Jordan to her virgin thighs;
But the dull lake her wish denies.

"What luck is here? We're foiled again!
The devil's in the dice, that's plain!"
No chemist e'er was so perplexed;
No jilted coxcomb half so vexed;
No bard, whose gentler muse excels
At Tunbridge, Bath, or Epsom-Wells,
Ordained, by Phoebus' special grace,
To sing the beauties of the place,
E'er pumped and chafed to that degree
To tag his fav'rite simile.

Thus folks are often at a stand,
When remedies are near at hand.
"For lo the glass — ay, that indeed!

'Tis ten to one we now succeed!"
To this relief she flies amain,
And straddles o'er the shining plain.
The shining plain reflects at large
All Damon's wish, and Cloe's charge.
The curious maid, in deep surprise,
On the grim feature fixed her eyes;
Far less amazed Aeneas stood,
When by Avernus' sacred flood,
He saw Hell's portals fringed with wood.

"And is this all? Is this," she cried,
"Man's great desire, and woman's pride.
The spring whence flows the lover's pain,
The ocean where 'tis lost again?
By fate forever doomed to prove
The nurs'ry and [the] grave of love?
O thou of dire and horrid mein,
And always better felt than seen!
Fit rapture for the gloomy night,
O! never more approach the light!
Like other mysteries Men adore
Be hid to be revered the more!"

The Gentleman's Miscellany in Verse and Prose (1731)

HOW TALL-BOY, KILL-PRICK, SUCK-PRICK DID CONTEND

This heroic lampoon was written by Alexander Radcliffe, an attorney-at-bar and army captain, to poke fun at the Earl of Rochester. Just how much of it is true and how much of it was spun from the poet's imagination is not known. A jilted Rochester was perfectly capable of just such a plot. Radcliffe, on the other hand, was perfectly capable of saying that the not-so-innocent Earl did offer the three gentlewomen the toy to assuage their private pains. The very prim, if not stuffy Dictionary of National Biography *notes that Radcliffe "was a disciple of the Earl of Rochester in verse, and rivalled his master in ribaldry." This wouldn't be the first time that the pupil had turned tables on the teacher.*

The Argument

How Tall-boy, Kill-prick, Suck-prick
    did contend
For bridegroom dildo; friend did fight
    with friend;
But man of God, by layman called Parson,
Contrived by turns how each might rub
    her arse on.

Say Heaven-born muse, for only thou canst tell

How discord dire between two widows fell.
What made the fair one, and her well-shaped
mother
Duty forget and pious nature smother?
Who was most modest, virtuous or fair
Was not the cause of contest, I dare swear.
Nor wit, nor breeding raised this emulation —
Those things with them are trifles out of fashion.
Great was the strife raised up by envious Fate
To ruin pego's happy reign and state.

When R[ochester] with evil eye beheld
The three dear friends, his heart with
rancor swelled:
That in one house, they were of one accord,
Wanton in bed and riotous at board,
Preferring brawny G——— to spiney Lord.*
He vowed to break this triple League of Love,
And from their breasts sweet friendship
to remove.

In a foul day, from bawdy Bath he flies
To put in act his hated enterprise.

* "G———" could be any number of people, including George Etherege, who did share Rochester's mistress, Elizabeth Barry (Tall-boy?), with the Earl. "Spiney" refers to Rochester's thin build.

I' the bow'r of bliss, where sacred ballocks
dwells,
There lives a hag, deep read in charms
and spells,
Philters and potions that by magic skill
Can give a eunuch stones and cunt its fill.
Babes, at her call, fly from the breeding womb,
With neighbor turd in loathsome jakes
to room.*
As oft as finger, dildo, pego rape
The virgin hymen, she repairs the gap.
Famed through the world for the cunt-mending
trade,
To her he goes to implore her mighty aid.
By men she's called the Mother of the Maids.
"Hail, worst dame," said he, replete with grace,
"Mother o' the Maids, daughter of noble race!"

Whilst men of God to Betty B[ewly] go,**
Whilst prick and pen with white and black
does flow,
My lasting verse shall magnify thy fame,
And melting tarse adore thy holy name.
Therefore, dear mother, lend thine equal ear
To my complaint and favor my just prayer.

*"Jakes" are privies; in short, the lady could induce abortions.

**To see Betty Bewly: to masturbate.

There is a place, down a gloomy vale: the Bath,
Where burthened Nature lays her nasty tail;
Ten thousand pilgrims thither do resort
For ease, disease, for lechery and sport.
Thither two beldames and a jilting wife
Came to swive off the tedious hours of life.
I, willing to contribute to their joy,
Offered my mite to the young, insatiate toy
Who banished cock; case cunt he could
not cloy.*
Her upright dame, Kill-prick, the wise
old [shrew],
Told me I must twelve times her womb bedew
E're her child Suck-prick should her
buttocks shew.
Resolved to win, like Hercules, the prize,
Twelve times I scoured the kennel 'twixt
her thighs,
The cheating jilt at the twelfth, 'A
dry-bob,' cries.**
My prick and I, thus cross-bit, in high
rage,***

*I.e., he couldn't even filch a piece.
**A dry-bob: intercourse without ejaculation.
***Cross-bit: deceived.

Appealed to th' skillful sticklers* on
the stage.**
With that fair Tall-boy and bold Suck-prick
come
To squeeze my tarse and pass their final doom,
Saying, if on Priapus I could shew
One holy relic of kind pearly dew,
I the twelfth time in Kill-prick's arse did spew.
To their deriding test I did submit.
Priapus squeezed a snowball did emit,
Yet these two partial dames, 'A dry-bob,' cry,
'Perform your bargain, Peer, or frig
and die.'***
Thus was I rooked of twelve substantial fucks
By these base stinking, over-itching nocks.****
Your aid, your aid, dear mother, me inspire
With apt revenge to feed my raging fire."

The gracious matron smiling on him said,
"Be it as thou desir'st, my dear loved lad.

---

*Those who stick, that is, screw.

**Stage: condition of affairs, not the theater; or perhaps Radcliffe is slyly hinting at the identity of the women.

***Frig: masturbate.

****Nocks: cunts, in this case, used as a pejorative.

For this abuse, the rump-fed cunts
shall mourn*
Till slimey cunt to grimey arse hole turn."
By her cave's mouth, a verdant myrtle grows,
Bearing love's trophies on its sacred boughs.
The crowns of kings were offered to this shrine,
Dildos and merkins, or the royal line.

Fair ladies' hearts, with mitred pricks
transfixt
In mystic manner make the crucifix.
To the tree she leads him, from a bough
pulls down
A mighty tool, a dildo of renown,
A dildo long and large as Hector's lance
Inscribed *Honi soit qui mal y pence,*
Knight of the Garter made for its vast deserts,
As modern hero was for 's monstrous parts.

"This, pious son," said she, "nail up in a box.
By carrier send to these salt-burning nocks,**
Directed thus: To the lady most deserving
Who's made most slaves, and kept most pricks
from starving."

---

*Rump-fed: overly talkative. Perhaps Radcliffe is punning too on the favorite coital position of the three harridans.

**Salt: sexual intercourse; burning: diseased.

O'er joyed with hoped success away he flies
To Bath, disguised, to bear the welcome prize.
But when they saw the image of blessed man,
Who can express how fast, how swift they ran
Each for herself to seize it? No dog at deer,
Nor hawk at hern showed such a swift career.
At once they [fall] on the beloved prey
And sworn friends do engage in mortal fray.
Old Kill-prick, dreadful to her friends and foes,
Like Luxemburg, in back and breast plate,
shows.*
Gigantic Tall-boy, famed in the West
For Cornish hug, to the fight herself
addressed.**
Whilst the child Suck-prick hoped to steal away
By strategem the glory of the day.
But all in vain. Tall-boy with one hand held
Jove's prize, with th' other crafty Suck-prick
felled.
Not looks, nor menaces, nor crashing blow
Could make stout Kill-prick quit her loved dildo.
Undaunted, she maintained a cruel fight,
For conquest scratched, and tore with all
her might.
So I have seen a crump-back crablouse stick

*The allusion is obscure, but it probably means more than she simply came armored.

**Cornish hug: coition *per anum?*

With fervent love to lick creating prick;
The more he pulls, the more the loving wretch
Does strive to stay, and at each hair does catch,
Till murd'ring man, enrag'd, from ballock tears
The nock-born brat and ends his hopeful years.
So had it fared with Kill-prick had not Fate
Sent Man-of-God to end the dire debate.*

"What rage! what fury!" said he. "Do ye stir
To shed the blood of saints in civil war?
How well you make the mother church
to mourn
And to fanatics be the public scorn.
For shame, dear souls, reserve your noble blood
To spend with man." Abashed, the
warriors stood
To see the holy father in the place,
But straight on the matter putting a good face,
Thus Kill-prick spake:

"To you, oh reverend sir,
The justness of this cause I will transfer,
A cause too great for laymen vile to try,
Fit for plus ultras, deep divinity,
A cause for which blessed saints above would
die!

*"Man-of-God" is clearly a pseudonym for another of the rakes and gallants, and is not an actual clergyman.

The modest Tall-boy, so devout appears,
Though stealing pricks, you'd think she said
her prayers;
And though she had almost won the
bloody field
With Suck-prick (babe of grace) to this
does yield.
The case being stated, holy man does pray
For a blessing on 's endeavors, then does say:

"Whereas, sage matrons, you do all agree
Your case to yield to my integrity,
Fitter for general counsel than weak me,
Dildo's a lawful tool, deny 't who can.
I'll prove 'tis made for a meet help for man.
As unto recotr, curate is assistant,
So dildo's to fall'n prick, when cunt has
past on 't,
But here's th' elect, ordained for propagation.
Who trusts in this is blest in generation.
This has done more than Tunbridge, Bath
or Epsom*
Though ne'er so barren this is sure to
help 'em.**

---

* Three spas frequented by the court while vacationing. They were famed for their debauchs, men and women going to take the waters and play the two-backed beast.

** "Barren": not infertile, but lacking lovers.

Then pulling out the rector of the females,
Nine times he bathed him in their
piping-hot tails.
Panting, quoth he, "Now peace be on ye all.
When I am absent then on dildo call,
As those in holy church to image pray
When wonder-working saint is out o' the way."

Thus all well pleased to church away they go
To sing Te Deum for their dear dildo.

UPON MR. BENNET, PROCURER EXTRAORDINARY

Radcliffe's major effort in the field of erotic poetry was a long, interminable poem called "The Ramble." It starts briskly enough, but soon settles down into a detailed, stanza-by-stanza chronicle of Radcliffe's peregrinations about town during the course of an evening's debauch. It begins:

While duns were knocking at my door,
I lay in bed with reeking whore,
With back so weak and prick so sore,
You'd wonder.

I roused my doe and laced her gown.
I pinned her waist and dropped a crown.

She pissed and then I drove her down,
Like thunder.

From chamber then I went to dinner.
I drank small beer like mournful sinner,
And still I thought the devil in her
Clitoris.

I sat a Muskrat's in the dark.
I heard a tradesman and a spark,
An attorney and a lawyer's clerk,
Tell stories.

What follows never lives up to the promising beginning.

Radcliffe was more successful in his mock eulogy and epitaph for a procurer lately died of a cough, the much lamented Mr. Bennet, who has otherwise been forgotten by history.

Reader, beneath this marble stone
Saint Valentine's adopted son,
Bennet, the bawd, now lies alone.

Here lies alone the amorous spark,
Who used to lead them in the dark
Like beasts by pairs into the ark.

If men of honor would begin,

He'd ne'er stick out at any sin,*
For he was still for stickin' 't in.

If justice chiefest of the bench
Had an occasion for a wench,
His reverend flames 'twas he could quench.

And for his son and heir apparent,
He could perform as good an errand
Without a tipstaff or a warrant.**

Over the clergy [he] had such a lock
That he could make a spiritual frock
Fly off at sight of a temporal smock.

Like Will o' the Wisp still up and down***
He led the wives of London town
To lodge with squires of high renown.

While they, poor fools, being unaware,
Did find themselves in mansion fair
Near Leic'ster Fields or Jame's Square.

---

*Stick out: insist on his payment.

**Tipstaff: constable.

***Will o' the Wisp: combustible marsh gases burning at night which appear to flicker first in one place, then another, then suddenly in another.

Thus worthy Bennet was employed.
At last he held the door so wide,
He caught a cold, so coughed, and died.

The Ramble: an Anti-Heroic Poem Together with Some Terrestrial Hymns and Carnal Ejaculations (1682)

THE POOR WHORE'S SONG

Radcliffe was a straightforward sot, with little or none of the perception of Rochester and the other court wits, no matter how coarse they were on the surface. Radcliffe was as unfeeling as he was earthy. Had Rochester written "The Poor Whore's Song," one might expect to find a glimmer of compassion in the inevitable fall of the once-beautiful draggle-tail. But Radcliffe wrote the poem, and even the strumpet's almost sentimental reminiscences are treated in mocking manner.

Good, young lecher, cast an eye
Upon a poor whore's misery.
Yet not my antiquated front
Make you less free than you were wont,
But like a noble rogue

Do but disembogue*
And you shall have our constant vogue,
For I am none of those
That a-bulking goes,**
And often shows
Their Bridewell blows
Or New Prison lash
For filing of cash,***
Or nimming prigsters of their trash.****

But I at court have often been
Within the view of king and queen.
A guinea to me was no more
Than fifteen pence to a suburb whore.
And when he did tilt,
I did briskly jilt,
And swallowed pego to the hilt.
A pox was very near,
For bubo did appear,
Had not my surgeon then been there.

---

*Disembogue: technically, to pass through the mouth of stream or creek into the sea; but also, to discharge. In either case, the meaning is clear.

**A-bulking: picking pockets.

***Filing of cash: picking pockets.

****Nimming prigsters of their trash: pilfering money from thieves.

Once at the Bear in Drury Lane,
The bullies left me for a pawn;*
But I made my party good
To fifteen guineas and a broad.**
Oh, you would little ween
How that I have been
As great a jilt as e'er was seen.
But if Mother Bennet came
With a wheedle or a flam,***
She'd tell you how I cut the sham.****

From thence I marched to Creswell's House
Under the name of a merchant's spouse,
And there I played the secret lover
Lest jealous husband should discover.
Oh, then came in the rings
And such like things
Which eldest 'prentice often brings.
But now my poor cunt,
Contrary to its wont,
Must pocket any small affront.

The Ramble: an Anti-Heroic Poem together with Some Terrestrial Hymns and Carnal Ejaculations (1682).

---

*Bullies left me for a pawn: Pimps slipped away and left her to pick up the check.
**Broad: twenty shilling piece.
***Flam: lying story.
****Cut the sham: carried off the deception.

THE MOCK SONG

The Earl of Rochester was the leading wit and rake in the covey of courtiers which fluttered around the horny Charles II. Rochester's tongue and pen were feared for their wit — for good reason — and bawdy twist — with equally good reason. Yet for all his bawdry, the Earl was anything but a flighty diletant. About half of his extant poems, in contrast to the poems which are attributed to him on dubious authority, are sensitive and serious inquiries into the state of mankind. Had he not died of syphilis at the age of 33, Rochester probably would have produced enough poetry to be ranked as one of the major poets in the English language.

"The Mock Song," a fair example of Rochester at his raciest, is a lampoon on the unending stream of tavern and stage songs celebrating in poetic conceits the joys of love and lovers.

I swive as well as others do;
I'm tender, not yet deformed.
My tender heart, sincere and true,
Deserves not to be scorned.
Why Phyllis then, why will you swive
With forty lovers more?
"Can I," said she, "with Nature strive?
Alas, I am, alas, I am a whore."

"Were all my body larded o'er
With darts of love, so thick
That you might find in ev'ry pore
A well-stuck, standing prick,
Whilst yet my eyes alone were free,
My heart would never doubt
In am'rous rage and ecstasy
To wish those eyes, to wish those eyes
fucked out."

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680)

HOW HAPPY CLORIS

Rochester's poetry tells much of the attitude of the rakes towards love. Here he affects a live-and-let-live attitude, permitting the young lady her indiscretions if she will indulge him his. In part, this mirrors the Earl's own life. At some peril to his position at court, Rochester abducted a young gentlewoman whom he wished to marry. He was brought to heel before he could affect the nuptials with the unwilling lady or bring her to bed. Charles II then banished the young lord who went off to serve with distinction with the fleet during two battles with the Dutch. Back in the King's favor because of his good service for the Crown, Rochester courted and wed

the same young lady who had meantime had a surprising change of heart. Yet no sooner had the Earl won the girl, then he sent her down to his country estate and returned to his wine-sodden whoring.

How happy, Cloris, were they free,
Might our enjoyments prove?
But you with formal jealousy
Are still tormenting love.

Let us — since wit instructs us how —
Raise pleasure to the top.
If rival bottle you'll allow,
I'll suffer rival fop.

There's not a brisk, insipid spark
That flutters in the town,
But with your wanton eyes you mark
The coxcomb for your own.

You never think it worth your care,
How empty, nor how dull
The heads of your admirers are,
So that their cods be full.

All this you freely may confess,
Yet we'll not disagree,
For did you love your pleasure less,
You were not fit for me.

While I my passion to pursue
Am whole nights taking in
The lusty juice of grapes, take you
The lusty juice of men.

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honnorable, the E. of R. (1680)

IN THE ISLE OF GREAT BRITAIN

Rochester was in and out of favor with Charles II. At one point he posted on the gate of the royal palace a verse:

Here lives a great and mighty monarch
Whose promise none relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
Nor ever did a wise one.

Once again the roistering Rochester was banished. However, the same wit which would force his banishment was enough to insure his return. Rochester led the court rakes, the men whom the king prized above all others. Charles would then relent, missing the needle-sharp wit and keen mind of the young Earl. Returned to favor Rochester fired another poetic broadside, this time at Charles II's replacement of the actress Nell Gwynn with the Duchess of

Keroualle (pronounced "Carwell" by the English) as the royal mistress. The poem is one of the curious combinations of deep insight and near "obscenity" typical of Rochester's poetry.

In the Isle of Great Britain, long since
famous known
For breeding the best cunts in Christendom,
There reigns, and long may he reign and thrive,
The easiest prince, and best-bred man alive.
Him no ambition moves to seek renown,
Like the French fool to wander up and down,*
Starving his subjects, hazarding his crown;
Nor are his high desires above his strength —

His sceptre and his prick are of a length,
And she that plays with one may sway the other,
And make him little wiser than his brother.*
I hate all monarchs, and the thrones they sit on,
From the Hector of France to the Cully
of Britain.**
Poor prince, thy prick, like the buffoons at
court,

*The French fool: Louis XIV.

**His brother: James, Duke of York, later James II.

***Hector: a bully; Cully: from Sir Nicholas Cully, a dupe and simpleton in George Etherege's play *The Comical Revenge*.

It governs thee because it makes thee sport;
Though safety, law, religion, life lay on 't,
'Twill break through all to make its way to cunt.
Restless he rolls about from whore to whore,
A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

To Carwell, the most dear of all his dears,
The sure relief of his declining years,
Oft he bewails his fortune and her fate,
To love so well, and to be loved so late;
For when in her he settles well his tarse,
Yet his dull, graceless buttocks hangs
an arse.*
(This you'd believe, had I but time to tell ye,
The pain it costs to poor, laborious Nelly,
While she employs hands, fingers, lips
and thighs
Ere she can raise the member she enjoys.)

WRITTEN UNDER NELLY'S PICTURE

Although the irreverent Rochester treats Nelly, Nell Gwynn, gently in the previous poem, he had earlier skewered the actress-turned-mistress with a snippy epigram supposedly placed under her portrait in the palace.

*Hangs an arse: holds back.

She was so exquisite a whore
That in the belly of her mother,
She placed her cunt so right before,
Her father fucked them both together.

The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscommon, and Dorset, The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, Etc. (1752)

SONG

Others among the King's mistresses, probably all of them at one time or another, were the subject of satires. This was written by the Earl of Rochester after both the Duchess of Cleveland and Mary Knight had yielded their places in the King's bed to younger, more agile sticklers.

Quoth the Duchess of Cl[eveland] to Mrs.
Kn[ight],
"I'd fain have a prick, but how to come by 't?
I desire you'll be secret and give your advice,
Though cunt be not coy, reputation is nice."

"To some cellar in Sodom your grace must retire.
There porters with black pots sit round a coal
fire;
There open you case, and your grace cannot fail
Of a douzen of pricks for a pouzen of ale."

"Isn't so," quoth the Duchess? "Ah, by God,"
quoth the whore.
"Then give me the key that unlocks the back
door.
For I had rather be fucked by porters and
carmen,
Then thus be abused by C[arwell] and
G[wynne].

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680)

MY LORD ALL-PRIDE

The various king's mistresses were not the only ones to feel the barb at the end of Rochester's pen. My Lord All-Pride, the subject of this poem, was a posturing nobleman of little talent, Lord Mulgrave, who circulated on the periphery of the circle of court wits. For one or another reason—possibly only because he could not suffer such braggarts— Rochester wrote this vicious satire. Mulgrave retired ignominiously, the laughter of the court wits ringing in his ears.

Bursting with pride, the loathed imposter swells.
Prick him, he sheds his venom straight, and
smells.
But he's so lewd a scribler that he writes
With as much force to Nature as he fights.

Hardened in shame, 'tis such a baffled fop
That ev'ry schoolboy whips him like a top;
And like his arm, and head, his brain's so weak
That his starved fancy is compelled to take
Among the excrements of others' wit
To make a stinking meal of what they shit.
So swine, for nasty meat, to dunghill run,
And toss their grunting snouts up when they've done.
Against his stars the coxcomb strives,
And to be something they forbid contrives.
With a red nose, play foot, and goggle eye,
A ploughman's looby mein, face all awry,*
With stinking breath, and ev'ry loathsome mark,
The punchinello sets up for a spark.
With equal conceit too, he bears arms,
But with such vile success, his part performs,
That he burlesques his trade, and what is best
In others, turns like harlequin to jest.
So have I seen at Smithfield's wondrous fair,
When all his brother monsters flourish there,
A lubbard elephant divert the town**
With making legs, and shooting off a gun.***
Go where he will, he never finds a friend,
Shame and derision all his steps attend.

*Looby: foolish.
**Lubbard: clumsy.
***Making legs: dancing.

Alike abroad, at home, i' th' camp, and court,
This knight o' the burning pestle make us sport.

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable E. of R. (1680)

SONG

Typical of Rochester's fey wit, he frequently used double entendres in his poetry. In the second stanza he mocks the usual saccharine lyrics of the poets describing their loves with the words "clout" and "flowers." A clout was, in one meaning, a handkerchief, but it also meant the Seventeenth-Century woman's sanitary napkin. Flowers in the last line sounds poetic when the author says he will dip his pen in the blooms, but flowers had the second meaning of the woman's menstrual flow.

Against the charms our ballocks have
How weak all human skill is,
Since they can make a man a slave
To such a bitch as Phyllis,

Whom that I may describe throughout,
Assist me bawdy powers.
I'll write upon a doubled clout
And dip my pen in flowers.

Her look's demurely impudent,
Ungainly beautiful.
Her modesty is insolent.
Her mirth is pert and dull.

A prostitute to all the town,
And yet with no man friends,
She rails, and scolds, when she lies down,
And curses when she spends.

Bawdy in thoughts, precise in words,
Ill-natured and a whore,
Her belly is a bag of turds,
And her cunt a common shore.

Poems upon Several Occasions by the Right Honorable E. of R. (1680)

SONG

Having ventured squarely into the sexual, Rochester with equal candor might be expected to dabble in the scatalogical.

By all love's soft, yet mighty pow'rs,
It is a thing unfit
That men should fuck in time of flow'rs
Or when the smock's beshit.

Fair nasty nymph, be clean and kind,
And all my joys restore
By using paper still behind
And sponges for before.

My spotless flames can ne're decay
If after ev'ry close,
My smoking prick escape the fray
Without a bloody nose.

If thou wouldst have me true, be kind,
And take to cleanly sinning;
None but fresh lover's prick can rise
At Phyllis in foul linen.

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680)

THE WISH

Because he had indubitably written so many scandalous verses, to Rochester's credit were chalked up any number of anonymous poems, each more obscene than the last, in which Rochester had no part. Rochester's ill-gotten fame, however, was taken as proof enough that he had indeed written these verses.

Oh, that I now could, by some chymic art,
To sperm convert my vitals and my heart,

That at one thrust I might my soul translate,
And in the womb myself regenerate.
There, steeped in lust, nine months I would
remain,
Then boldly fuck my passage out again.

The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, and Dorset, The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, Etc. (1752)

A DREAM

Another of the poems attributed to the Earl of Rochester, this is something of a lampoon on a popular set piece of the period. Poets commonly had lovers falling asleep perchance to dream of their loved one in misty groves or verdant cloudlands. This time the poet's dreams are a bit more basic, and a lot more down to earth.

'Twas when the fabled mantle of the night
Had closed the day and chased away the light,
'Twas when the raven and the owl begins
To make men's conscience tremble for their sins,
Methought I then went armed to my dear,
Ready to pay what I had promised her.
Methought I found her prostrate on her bed,
Only her smock cov'ring her maidenhead.

I heaved it up. Sweet linen, by your favor
I felt; but how my moistened fingers then did
savor!
I look'd and saw the blind boy's happy cloister,
Arched on both sides, lie gaping like an oyster.
I had a tool before me which I put
Up to the quick, and straight the oyster shut!
It shut and clung so fast at ev'ry stroke
As does the loving ivy to the oak.
I thrust it hard, and still was in some hope.
The liquor came, but yet it would not ope',
And then I fainted; but at second bout,
It opened, and made way to let me out.
It gaped, and would have made a dead man skip
To see it mump, and wag its upper lip.
Thus I awaked, mocked by my lustful brain;
I felt my belly wet and slept again.

The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, and Dorset, The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, Etc. (1752)

THE VIRGIN'S DESIRE

Acrostics, poems whose subject was spelled out by reading the first letters of each line, were popular during the Restoration as modest displays of much-prized wit. This one first appeared in a collection of poems ostensibly written by the Earl of Rochester.

A knight delights in deeds of arms.
Perhaps a lady loves sweet music's charms.
Rich men in store of wealth delighted be.
Infants love dandling on the mother's knee.
Coy maids love something (nothing I'll express).
Keep the first letters of these lines and guess.

Works of the Right Honorable, the Late Earls of Rochester and Roscomon (1770)

THE OLD MAID AND HER TABBY CAT

This is another of the many poems attributed to Rochester simply because it was bawdy.

As Margery by the fire sat
To warm her twat and stroke her cat,
The watchful brute untimely spies
Or smelt a rat betwixt her thighs.
And fixed her talons in the thing,
So fierce that hadn't the harmless vermin
Been clothed in furs as thick as ermine,
Remorseless puss had stopped its breath
And brought it to a cruel death.

The Poetical Works of That Witty Lord, John, Earl of Rochester, Left in Ranger's Lodge in Woodstock Park, Where His Lordship Died and Never before Printed (1761)

SONG

Whether or not the Earl of Rochester actually engaged in sodomitical practices is not certain, but this poem is clearly one of the Earl's pieces. It may be that Rochester was simply mocking his own, and his friends', heterosexual high jinks.

Love a woman? Y'are an ass.
'Tis a most insipid passion
To choose out for your happiness
The idlest part of God's creation.

Let the porter and the groom,
Things design'd for dirty slaves,
Drudge in fair Aurelia's womb
To get supplies for age and graves.

Farewell, woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry night to sit
With my lewd, well natured friend,
Drinking to engender wit.

Then give me health, wealth, mirth and wine,
And if busy Love entrenches,
There's a sweet, soft page of mine
Does the trick worth forty wenches.

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680)

A PANEGYRIC UPON CUNDUM

This ode to a minor household god has also been attributed to John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester.

Oh all ye nymphs, in lawless love's disport
Assiduous! whose ever open arms
Both day and night stand ready to receive
The fierce assaults of Britain's am'rous sons!
Whether with golden watch, or stiff braced
You shine in playhouse or the drawing room.
Whores thrice magnificent! Delight of kings,
And lords of goodliest note; or in mean stuffs
Ply ev'ry evening near St. Clement's Pile*
Or church of fam'd St. Dunstan** or in lane,
Or alley's dark recess, or open street,
Known by white apron, bart'ring love with cit***
Or strolling lawyer's clerk at cheapest rate;
Whether of Needham's or of Jordan's train****
Hear and attend. In cundum's mighty praise
I sing, for sure 'tis worthy of a song.

---

*St. Clement's Church in the Strand
**St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street
***An uncomplimentary term for tradesmen
****Needham and Jordan were two of London's more noted madams during the period.

Venus assist my lays, thou who presid'st
In city ball or courtly masquerade,
Goddess Supreme! sole authoress of our loves;
Pure and impure! whose provinces 'tis to rule
Not only o'er the chaster marriage bed,
But filthiest stews,* and houses of kept dames!
To thee I call, and with a friendly voice,
Cundum I sing, by cundum now secure.
Boldly the willing maid, by fear awhile
Kept virtuous, owns thy pow'r, and tastes thy joys
Tumultuous, joys untasted but by them.
Unknown big belly, and squawling brat,
Best guard of modesty! She riots now,
Thy vot'ry in the fullness of thy bliss.
Happy the man who in his pocket keeps,
Whether green or scarlet ribbond bound,
A well-made cundum. He dreads not the ills
Of shankers or cordee** or buboes*** dire!
Thrice happy he, for when in lewd embrace
Of transport-feigning whore (creature obscene!
The cold, insipid purchase of a crown!)
With cundum arm'd he wages am'rous fight,
Fearless, secure. No thought of future pains,
Resembling prick of pins and needle's point,
E're checks his raptures, or disturbs his joys!
So Ajax, Grecian chief, with seven-fold shield

*One of the earliest terms for houses of assignation.
**Gonorrhea
***Syphilis

Enormous, brav'd the Trojan's fiercest rage;
While the hot, daring youth, whose giddy lust
Or taste too exquisite, in danger's spite
Resolves upon fruition, unimpar'd
By intervening armor, cundum tight,
Scarce three days past, bewails the dear-bought bliss.
For now tormenting sore with scalding heat
Of urine, dread fore-runner of a clap!
With eye repentant, he surveys his shirt,
Diversify'd with spots of yellow hue,
Sad symptom of ten thousand woes to come!
Now no relief but from the surgeon's hand,
Or pill-prescribing leach, tremendous sight
To youth diseas'd! In garret high he moans
His wretched fate, where vex'd with nauseous draughts
And more afflicting boils, he in pangs
Unfelt before, curses the dire result
Of lawless revelling. From morn to eve,
By never-ceasing, keen emetics urg'd;
Nor slights he now his grannum's sage advice,
Nor feels he only but in megrim'd* head,
Millions of idle whims and fancies dance,
Alternate, and perplexed his laboring mind.
With this he has been told of sad mischance
Either in pox or clap, or falling nose,

*Migrained

Scrap'd shins, and buboe's pains to vile effect!
All feels the youth or fancies that he feels
Nay, be it but a gleet, or gentlest clap,
His ill-foreboding fears deny him rest,
And fancied poxes vex his tortured bones;
Too late convinc'd of cundum's sov'reign use.
Hail maker of Love's propagating imp,
Long since deceased and long by me ador'd,
From whose prolific brain, by lucky hit
Or inspiration from all-gracious heaven,
First sprang the mighty secret—secret to guard
From poison virulent of unsound land
The wondrous pimp* arose from whose strange skill
In inmost nature, thou hast reap'd more fame,
More solid glory, than from Newton's toil.
(Newton, who next is England's noblest boast).
If aught I can presage: as Smyrna once;
Chios and Colophon and Rhodian Isle,
Famous for vast Colossus; and Argos fair;
And Salamis, well known for Grecian fight
With mighty Xerxes; and the source of arts,

*The original publication footnotes this word with "Colonel Cundum who invented them, called so from his name;" the poet, dull of wit and skill, can apparently think of nothing more appropriate for this benefactor of mankind than to call him "pimp."

High Athens long contended for the praise
Of Homer's birthplace, egregious bard,
In aftertimes, so shall with warm dispute
Europa's rival cities proudly strive
Ambitious each of being deemed the seat
Where cundum first drew vital air.
Too cruel fate—partial to human race—
To us propitious—but Oh hard decree!
Why was't so long in darksome womb of night
Dwelt the profound arcanum, late reveal'd;
Say I not rather why ye niggard stars
Are not your blessings given unpalled with ill;
And love, your greatest blessing, free from curse,
Cure of disease. How many gallant youths
Have fallen by the iron hand of death,
Untimely, immature, as if, to love,
Your everlasting purpose, were a crime.
But, Oh ye youths, born under happier stars,
Britannia's chiefest hope, upon whose cheeks
Gay health sits smiling, and whose nervous limbs
Sweet ease, her offspring fair, invigorates.
Unbrac'd as yet by foul contagion,
Fav'rites of fortune, let the unhappy lot
Of others teach you timely to beware;
That when replete with love, and spurr'd by lust,
You seek the fair one in her cobweb haunts,
Or when allur'd by touch of passing wench,
Or caught by smile insidious of the nymph
Who in green-box at Playhouse nightly flaunts,
And fondly calls thee to love's luscious feast,

Be cautious. Stay a while, till fitly arm'd
With cundum shield (at Rummer* best supply'd,
Or never failing Rose*) so you may thrum
The ecstatic harlot, and each joyous night
Crown with fresh raptures, till at last unhurt
And sat'ed with the banquet, you retire.

By me forewarned thus may you ever tread
Love's pleasing paths in blest security.

"The Cabinet of Love," in *The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, and Dorset, The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, etc. with Memoirs of Their Lives* (1752).

ACTUS PRIMUS SCENA PRIMA

Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst and sixth Earl of Dorset, is probably the author of this fragmentary scene from a play which was never finished.

*Apparently this is the sponsor's plug: Rummer and Rose were two noted "taverns of intrigue" near Covent Garden.

Enter Tarsander and Swiveanthe

The Scene
A
Bed-chamber

Tarsander./ For standing tarses we kind Nature thank
And yet adore those cunts that make 'em lank;
Unhappy mortals! whose sublimest joy
Preys on itself, and does itself destroy.

Swiveanthe./ Do not thy tarse, Nature's best gift, despise.
That cunt that made it fall will make it rise,
Though it a while the amorous combat shun,
And seems from mine into thy belly run;
Yet 'twill return, more vig'rous, and more fierce,
Than flaming drunkard when he's died in tierce.*
It but retires, as losing gamesters do,
Till they have raised a stock to play anew.

Tarsander./ What pleasure has a gamester if he knows

*A tierce is a measure of wine as well as a position in fencing.

Whene're he plays that he must always lose?

Swivanthe./ What pego loses 'twere a pain to keep.
We say not that our nights are lost in sleep;
What pleasures we in those soft wars employ
We do not waste, but to the full enjoy.

Exit Tarsander. Enter Celia

Celia./ Madam, methinks those sleepy eyes declare
Too lately you have eas'd a lover's care.
I fear you have with interest repaid
Those eager thrusts which at your cunt he made.

Swivanthe./ With force united, my soft heart he stormed,
Like age he doted, but like youth performed.
She that alone her lover can withstand
Is more than woman, or he less than man.
[*Exeunt.*]

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680).

THE FIRST LETTER FROM B. TO MR. E.

These four rhymed missives were purportedly exchanged by Charles Sackville, Lord Buckhurst (the "B." in the title), sixth Earl of Dorset, and his bosom companion, the Restoration dramatist George Etherege. The poems are as rowdy as the supposed authors, who were central figures in the group of wits and gallants making up the courtly, whoring crew of Charles II. Their careers well sum up the collective qualities of the Restoration rakes.

Buckhurst, as he was known, had a bawdy, satirical wit, and a bent for the devil-may-care which led him into at least two scrapes with the law. Along with his brother, Edward, and three others, Buckhurst was indited for killing a tanner, whom they said they had believed was a highwayman. Probably as a result of the King's intercession, charges were dropped.

On another occasion, Buckhurst frolicked in the nude on a balcony of a tavern, while another of the rakes, Sir Charles Sedley, urinated over the railing on the crowd below. Yet in contrast to these, and other peccadillos, there was Buckhurst's streak of real brilliance, a skill at both diplomacy and letters which stood him in high repute among courtiers and in literary circles.

Sir George Etherege was one of the leading dramatists of the day, splitting his time between the company of fellow wits and friendly women. He shared the intimate affections of the foremost actress of the day,

Elizabeth Barry, with the most brilliant and bawdy of the rakes, the Earl of Rochester. Late in life he was knighted (for his dramatic productions), then dispatched as a diplomat by Charles II. He served in the Hague, the German court, and in Vienna as an ambassador first to Charles II, then to his brother and successor, James II.

Dreaming last night on Mrs. Farley,
My prick was up this morning early;
And I was fain, without my gown,
To rise i' the cold to get him down—
Hard shift, alas, but yet a sure,
Although it be no pleasing cure.
Of old, the fair Egyptian slattern,
For luxury, that had no pattern,
To fortify her Roman swinger,*
Instead of nutmegs, mace and ginger,
Did spice his bow'ls (as story tells)
With warts of rocks, and spawn of shells.**
It had been happy for her grace,
Had I been in the rascal's place.

*Restoration slang, to swing meant to copulate; hence a swinger was one who copulated, a meaning only a bit narrower than the modern usage.

**Warts of rocks and spawn of shells are crushed jade and oysters, both reputed to be effective aphrodisiacs.

I who do scorn that any stone
Should raise my pintle, but my own,
Had laid her down on ev'ry couch,
And spar'd her pearl, and diamond broach,
Until her hot-tail'd majesty,
Being happily reclaimed by me,
From all her wild, expensive ways,
Had worn her gems on Holy Days.
But since her cunt has long done itching,
Let us discourse of modern bitching.

I must entreat you by this letter
To inquire for whores, the more the better.
Hunger makes any man a glutton;
If Roberts, Thomas, Mrs. Dutton,
Or any other bawd of note,
Inform of a fresh petticoat,
Inquire, I pray, with friendly care,
Where their respective lodgings are.
Some do compare a man t' a barque,
A pretty metaphor, pray mark,
And with a long and tedious story,
With all the tacking lay before ye.
The sails are hope, the masts desire,
Till they the gentlest reader tire,
But howsoe're they keep a pudder,*

*Keep a pudder: maintain their outward modesty.

I'm sure the pintle is the rudder,
The powerful rudder, which of force,
To town must shortly steer my course;
And if you do not there provide
A port where I may safely ride,
Landing in haste, in some foul creek,
'Tis ten to one I spring a leak.

Next, I must make it my request,
If you have any interest,
Or can by any means discover,
Some lamentable rhyming lover,
Who shall in numbers harsh and vile,
His mistress, nymph, or goddess style,
Send all his labors down to me,
By the first opportunity.
Or any knights of your round table,
To other scribblers formidable.
Guilty themselves of the same crime:
Dress nonsense up in ragged rhyme,
As once a week they seldom fail,
Inspired with love and grid-iron ale,
Or any paltry poetry,
Though from the University
(Who when the King and the Queen were there
Did both their wit and learning spare),
And have—I hope—endeavored since
To make the world some recompence.

Such damned fustian,* when you meet,
Be not too rash, or indiscreet;
Though they can find no just excuses,
To put 'em to their proper uses;
Though fatal privy, or the fire,
Their noble foe, at my desire.
Restrain your nat'ral profuseness,
And spare 'em, though you have a looseness.

MR. E.'S ANSWER

As crafty harlots used to shrink
From lechers, dosed with sleep and drink
When they intend to make up pack
By filching sheets, or shirts from back,
So were you pleased to steal away
From me, whilst on your bed I lay.
But long you had not been departed,
When pinched with cold from thence I started,
Where missing you, I stamped and stared,
Like Bacon when he waked and heard
His brazen head in vain had spoke,
And saw it lie in pieces broke.

*Bombast.

Sighing, I to my chamber make,
And ev'ry limb stiff as [a] stake,
Unless poor pego, which did feel—
Like slimey skin of new stripped eel—
Of pudding* that mischance had got,
And spent itself half in the pot.
With care I cleansed the sneaking varlet
That late had been in pool of harlot.
But neither shirt, nor water could
Remove the stench of lecherous mud.
The Queen of Love from sea did spring;
Hence the best cunts still smell like ling.**
But sure this damned notorious bitch
Was made o' th' froth of Jane Shore's ditch,***
Or else her cunt could never stink
Like pump that's foul, or nasty sink.

When this was done, to bed I went,
And the whole day in sleep I spent;
But the next morning, fresh and gay,
As citizen on Holy Day,
I wandered in the spacious town
Amongst the bawds of best renown!

*Semen.
**Cold water fish found off northern Europe.
***Jane Shore was the fabled mistress of Edward IV.

To Temple* I a visit made.
Temple! the beauty of her trade!
The only bawd that ever I
For want of whore could occupy.
She made me friends with Mrs. Cuffley,
Whom we indeed had used too roughly;
For by a gentler way I found
The whore would fuck under ten pound.
So resty** jades which scorn to stir,
Though oft provoked by switch and spur,
By milder usage may be got
To fall into their wonted trot.

But what success I further had,
And what discoveries good and bad
I made by roving up and down,
I'll tell you when you come to town.

Further, I have obeyed your motion,
Though much provoked by pill and potion,
And sent you down some paltry rhymes,
The greatest grievance of our times;

---

*"Temple" here may be a libel on Miss Anne Temple, one of the Queen's ladies in waiting. While Mis Temple was more than generous with her favors, it is doubtful if she would have consorted with known harlots.

**Resty: restless.

When such as nature, never made
For poets, daily will invade
Wit's empire, both the stage and press,
And which is worse, with good success.

THE SECOND LETTER FROM B. TO MR. E.

If I can guess, the Devil choke me,
What horrid fury could provoke thee,
To use thy railing, scurrilous wit,
'Gainst cunt, and prick, the source of it,
For what but cunt, and prick does raise
Our thoughts to songs, and roundelays?
Enables us to anagrams,
And other amorous flim-flams?
Then write plays, and so proceed,
To Bays, the poet's sacred weed.*
Hast no respect for God Priapus?
That ancient story, shall not 'scape us.
Priapus was a Roman god
(But in plain English, prick and cod
That pleased their sisters, wives and daughters)
Guarded their pippins and pomwaters,

*A "Weed" is a thin horse, i.e., a skinny girl to ride.

For at the orchards' utmost entry,
This mighty deity stood sentry,
Invested in a tattered blanket
To scare the magpies from their banquet.
But this may serve to show we trample
On rule, and method, by example,
Of modern authors, who do snap at all,
Will talk of Caesar in the capitol,
Of Cynthia's beams, and Sol's bright ray,
Known foe to buttermilk and whey,
Which softens wax and hardens clay.
All this without the least connection
Which to say truth's enough to vex one.
But farewell to all poetic dizziness,
And now to come unto the business.

Tell the bright nymph, how sad and pensively,
E're since we used her so offensively,
In dismal shades, with arms across,
I sit lamenting of my loss.
To Echo, I her name commend,
Who has it now at her tongue's end,
And parrot-like repeats the same,
For should you talk of Tamberlyn,
Cuffley! she cries at the same time,
Though the last accents do not rhyme:
Far more than Echo, e're did yet,
For Phyllis, or bright Amoret.

With pen-knife keen, of mod'rate size,
As bright and piercing as her eyes,
A glitt'ring weapon which would scorn
To pare a nail, or cut a corn,
Upon the trees of smoothest bark,
I carve her name, or else her mark,
Which commonly's a bleeding heart,
A weeping eye, or flaming dart.

Here on a beech, like am'rous sot,
I sometimes carve a true-love's knot.
There a tall oak her name does bear
In a large, spreading character.
I chose the fairest, and the best
Of all the grove, among the rest.
I carved it on a lofty pine
Which [then] wept a pint of turpentine
(Such was the terror of her name,
By the report of evil fame,
Who tired with immoderate flight,
Had lodged upon it boughs all night.)
The wary tree, who feared a clap,
And knew the virtue of his sap,
Dropped balsam into ev'ry wound,
And in an hour's time was sound.
But you are unacquainted yet,
With half the power of Amoret,
For she can drink, as well as swive.
Her growing empire still must thrive;
Our heart's weak course we must resign

When beauty does its forces join
With man's strong enemy, good wine:
This I was told by my lord O'B[rian],
A man whose word I much rely on.
He kept touch and came down hither,
When thou wert scared with the foul weather.
But if thou wouldst forgiven be,
Say that a cunt detained thee.
Cunt! whose strong charms the world bewitches,
The joy of kings, the beggar's riches!
The courtier's business, the statesman's leisure!
The tired tinker's ease and pleasure!
Of which, alas, I've leave to prate,
But oh, the rigor of my fate!
For want of bouncing Bona Roba,
Laciva est nobis pagina vita proba.
For that rhyme, I was fain to fumble;
When Pegasus begins to stumble,
'Tis time to rest. Your very humble,

[Buckhurst]

MR. E.'S ANSWER

So soft and am'rously you write
Of cunt and prick, the cunt's delight,
That were I still in Lanthorn sweating,
Swallowing of bolus, or a-spitting,

I should forget each injury
The pocky whores have offered me,
And only of my fate complain,
Because I must from cunt abstain.
The powerful cunt whose very name
Kindles in me an amorous flame
Begins to make my pintle rise,
And long again to fight love's prize,
Forgetful of those many scars
He has received in those wars.
This shows love's chiefest magic lies
In women's cunts, not in their eyes.
There Cupid does his revels keep.
There lovers all their sorrows steep,
For having once but tasted that,
Our mysteries are quite forgot.
This may suffice to let you know
That I to cunt am not a foe,
Though you are pleased to think me so.
('Tis strange his zeal should be in suspicion
Who dies a martyr for 's religion.)

But now to give you an account
Of Cuffley that whore paramount:
Cuffley! whose beauty warms the age,
And fills our youth with love and rage,
Who like fierce wolves pursue the game,
While secretly the lechrous dame
With some choice gallant takes her flight,
And in a corner fucks all night.

Then the next morning we all hunt
To find whose fingers smell of cunt,
With jealousy and envy moved
Against the man that was beloved.
Whilst you within some neighboring grove
Indite the troth of your love,
And with your pen-knife keen and bright
On stately trees your passion write,
So that each nymph that passes through
Must envy her, and pity you.
We at the Fleece, or at the Bear,
With good case-knife, well whet on stair—
A gentle weapon, made to feed
Mankind, and not to make 'em bleed—
A thousand am'rous fancies scrape.
There's not a pewter-dish can 'scape
Without her name, or arms, which are
The same that Love himself does bear.

Here one, to show you Love's no glutton,
I' th' midst of supper leaves his mutton,
And on a greasy plate with care
Carves the bright image of the fair.

Another, though a drunken sot,
Neglects his wine, and on the pot,
A band of naked Cupids draws
With pricks no bigger than wheat straws.
Then on a nasty candlestick,
One figures Love's hieroglyphic:
A couchant cunt, and rampant prick;

And that the sight may more inflame
The lookers-on, inscribe her name.
Cuffley! her sex's pride and shame.
There's not a man but does discover
By some such action he's her lover.
But now 'tis time to give her over
And let your lordship know you are
The [master] that employs our care;
Your absence makes us melancholy.
Nor drink, nor cunt can make us jolly
Unless we've you within our arms,
In whom there dwells diviner charms!
Then quit with speed the pensive grove,
And here in town pursue your love,
Where, at your coming, you shall find
Your servants glad, your mistress kind,
And all things devoted to your mind.

With your very Humble Servant

Poems on Several Occasions, by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680)

LORD ROCHESTER TO HIS WHOREPIPE

Like his close friend and fellow troublemaker, Rochester, Sir Charles Sedley combined in his poetry that felicitous charm and bawdy wit so prized by the

courtly and worldly rakes of the Restoration.

This curiously sympathetic piece is a good example of the fine balance Sedley achieved in his many poems and plays between the witty and the obscene.

Was ever mortal man like me
Continually in jeopardy,
And always, silly prick, by thee?
'Tis strange you should be still so stout!
Have you forgot the double clout
That lately swathed your drooping snout?
But why should I at that admire
When ulcers filled with liquid fire
Could not from cunt make thee retire?
But in those hot and rigid pains
When venom runs through all the veins —
The product of thy tainted reigns —
Then, even then, thou didst essay
To lead thy tim'rous flesh astray
Still pushing, though you made no way.
There's not a petticoat goes by
But from a cod-piece out you fly,
Not to be held 'twixt hand and thigh.
I never felt a soft, white hand,
But Hector-like, you strutting stand
As if the world you would command.
Then must I never rest till she
Chase and squeeze out my lechery
Which is the very strength of me.
For all these crying sins of thine,

The suff'ring part is always mine.
'Tis I am cramm'd with turpentine.
For my sake, and your own, beware;
Remember that you mortal are,
And liable to scald and scar,
But if audaciously you still
Will — swiving be against my will —
Know, thus thy lechery I'll kill.
Cakes of ice shall wall thee in
'Til thou appear nought else but skin,
Not like a prick, but chitterlin.*
If what I've said will nothing do,
But sniveling cunt you still pursue,
Loving in filth and stench to stew,
My sentence I'll in action put
Which shall so tame thee not to rut,
That thou shalt shrivel like a gut.
Than still in Aetna's flames to fry,
Thus prick, I'll tame thy lechery,
For know in snow, I'd rather lie.

The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon and Dorset (1758)

*Chitterlin: human bowels, in this case, flacid.

SONG

Because Sedley was capable of introducing a certain poignancy in such a piece as "Lord Rochester to His Whorepipe" did not mean that Sir Charles was always so fastidious. After all, he is the only member of a royal court to go down in history as having been fined 500 livres for pissing off a tavern balcony.

In the fields of Lincoln's Inn,
Beneath a tattered blanket,
On a flock-bed, God be thanked,
Feats of active love were seen.

Phyllis, who you know loves swiving,
As the Gods love pious prayers,
Lay most pensively contriving
How to fuck with pricks by pairs.

Corydon's aspiring tarse
Which to cunt had ne're submitted
Wet with am'rous kiss she fitted
To her less frequented arse.

Strephon's was a handful longer,
Stiffly propped with eager lust —
None for champion was more stronger —
This into her cunt he thrust.

Now for civil wars prepare
Raised by fierce intestine bustle,
When these heroes meeting justle
In the bowels of the fair.

They tilt, and thrust with horrid pudder,
Blood and slaughter is decreed,
Hurling souls at one another
Wrapped in flakey clots of seed.

Nature had 'twixt cunt and arse
Wisely placed firm separation;
God knows else what desolation
Had ensued from warring tarse.

Though fate a dismal end did threaten,
It proved no worse than was desired.
The nymph was sorely ballock beaten,
Both the shepherds soundly tired.

Poems on Several Occasions by the Right Honorable, the E. of R. (1680)

SONG

Sedley was a devoted libertine, and it is natural that this broad streak in his nature would be reflected in his poetry. But there are libertines of all stripes, and the

peer apparently had a little of each in his make-up, as evidenced by the following hymn to the erotic.

See! Hymen comes. How his torch blazes!
Looser loves, how dim they burn!
No pleasures equal chaste embraces
When we love for love return.

When fortune makes the match he rages;
And forsakes th' unequal pair,
But when love two hearts engages,
The kind god is ever there.

Regard not then high blood, nor riches,
You that would his blessings have,
Let untaught Love guide all your wishes,
Hymen should be Cupid's slave.

Young virgins, that yet bear your passions
Coldly as the flint its fire,
Offer to Hymen your devotions.
He will warm you with desire.

Young men no more neglect your duty
To the God of nuptial vows.
Pay your long arrears to beauty
As his chaster law allows.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Honorable Sir Charles Seldley, Bart. (1702)

AN EPITAPH

Sedley could not keep his tongue or pen in check for long. This epitaph to a "dead" lord, written even as his mistress laments her lover's passing, is example enough.

Here Sir Henry Leigh is lying,
With his doxy kneeling by him.
When he was alive, and had his feeling,
When she lay down, then he was kneeling.
But now he's dead, and has lost his feeling;
Now he lies down; she is kneeling.

The Works of the Honorable Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. (1776)

ON FRUITION

A number of poems by various authors were written with this title, all designed to demonstrate the poet's impressions of coition. The poems are of varying worth. Sedley's is among the best.

None but a muse in love can tell
The sweet tumult'ous joys I feel
When on Caelia's breast I lie,

When I tremble, faint and die.
Mingling kisses with embraces,
Darting tongues, and joining faces,
Panting, stretching, sweating, cooing,
All in the ecstasy of doing.

The Works of the Honorable Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. (1776)

ON A LADY THAT DID NOT LOVE APPLES

This is a broad lampoon based on an even broader play-on-words. "Apples" in the poem may indeed mean fruit; however, the word was a euphemism for testicles during the Restoration.

Happy our race and blessed all mankind,
Had but Eve's palate been like yours refined,
Nor meanly stooped, while in her nature's pride,
To taste the poorest fruit that heav'n denied.
But nought tempts woman more than a restraint;
Access deny, and straight on that they're bent;
And, had your coyness in her place been found,
The devil had strove in vain to give the wound,
Though cast his serpent's skin to be more fair,
Though dressed like beau and courted with an air.
For where man fails, the devil must sure despair.

In vain he'd strove your virgin heart to storm.
We'd all been saved had you her part performed.
But, since long time will not that change allow,
Be a second Eve, and save us now.

The Works of the Honorable Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. (1776)

THE FORWARD LOVER

This is Sedley's humorous paen to paedophilia. It is hard to believe that Sedley isn't rushing things a bit though.

Tush! never tell me I'm too young
For loving, or too green;
She stays at least sev'n years too long,
That's wedded at eighteen.
Lambs bring forth lambs, and doves bring doves
As soon as they're begotten.
Then why should ladies linger loves
As if not ripe till rotten?

Grey hairs are fitter for the grave
Than for the bridal bed.
What pleasure can a lover have
In a withered maidenhead?
Nature's exalted in our time,

And what our grandames then
At four and twenty scarce could climb,
We can arrive at ten.

The Works of the Honorable Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. (1776)

EPIGRAMS

Among the court wits, Sedley's most popular poems were the bursts of satire called epigrams. Sedley was perhaps the most prolific of epigramatists during the Restoration, and probably the most successful. This is a handful of his satires on court figures.

To Cloe

Leave off thy paint, perfumes and youthful dress,
And nature's failing honesty confess.
Double we see those faults which art would mend.
Plain downright ugliness would less offend.

To Julius

Thou swear'st thou'lt drink no more; kind Heaven
send
Me such a cook or coach-man, but no friend.

To Flavia

When to thy husband thou didst first refuse
The lawful pleasures of thy charming bed,
Men did his pipe, and pot, and whores accuse;
On his mere lewdness the whole fault we laid.
Into thy house thou took'st a deep Divine,
And all thy neighbors flocked to hear him preach.
The cheated world did in thy praises join;
The wiser sort yet knew thy wanton reach.
From Sunday's crowds thou didst thy gallants
choose
And, when they failed thee, the good doctor use.

To Sergius

Thou'lt fight if any man call Thebe whore;
That she is thine, what can proclaim it more?

The Maidenhead

Cloris, the prettiest girl about the town,
Asked fifty guineas for her maidenhead.
I laughed, but Cascus paid the money down,
And the young wench did to his chamber lead.
This thrift my eager Catso did upbraid,
And wished that he had grown 'twixt Cascus thighs;
"Get me but half what his got him," I said,
"And to content thee, I'll ne'er stick at price."*

To Bassa

That I ne're saw thee in a coach with man,
Nor thy chaste name in wanton satyr met,
That from thy sex thy liking never ran,
So as to suffer a male-servant yet.

I thought thee the Lucretia of our time,
But, Bassa, thou the while a tribas wert,
And clashing [cunts] with a prodigious crime,
Didst act of man th' inimitable part.
What Oedipus this riddle can untie?
Without a male, there was adultery.

*Stick at price: a pun on Cloris' real name, Price.

To Scilla

Storm not, brave friend, that thou hadst never yet
Mistress nor wife that others did no swive,
But, like a Christian, pardon and forget,
For thy own pox will thy revenge contrive.

The Miscellaneous Works of the Honorable Sir Charles Sedley, Bart. (1702)

ICE AND FIRE

Sir Edward Sherburne was a Royalist, and like many others who were loyal to their deposed king during the Interregnum, had his estate confiscated by Cromwell. He was eventually knighted in 1682, the knighthood and a modest pension his reward for his years of devotion.

Naked Love did to thine eye,
Fairest, once to warm him fly;
But its purer flame and light
Scorched his wings and spoiled his sight.

Forced from thence, he went to rest
In the soft couch of thy breast,
But there met a frost so great
As his torch extinguish'd straight!

When poor Cupid, being constrained
His cold bed to leave, complained,
"What a lodging's here for me
If all ice and fire she be!"

Poems on Several Occasions (1681)

IF WHEN DON CUPID'S DARTS

Sir John Suckling must be counted a premature court wit, born before his time and dead before his prime. He fought at the side of his king, Charles I, during the Civil War with Cromwell's regicides, then fled to Paris in 1641 when the monarchy fell. There the one-time soldier of fortune, court fop, and sometime poet, fearing poverty and the dangers of exile, committed suicide at the age of 33. Had he lived, he would have found ready company with such monumental rakes as Rochester, Dorset and Sedley.

If when Don Cupid's dart
Doth wound a heart,
We hide our grief
And shun relief;
The smart increaseth on that score,
For wounds unsearched but rankle more.

Then if we whine, look pale,

And tell our tale,
Men are in pain
For us again.
So, neither speaking doth become
The lover's state, nor being dumb.

When this I do decry,
Then thus think I,
Love is the fart
Of every heart.
It spins a man when 't is kept close,
And others doth offend when 't is let loose.

Fragment Aurea (1646)

A CANDLE

The title of this poem is misleading in part, since Suckling actually intended the piece to be an elaborate double entendre. This type of now-you-see-it-now-you-don't eroticism and bawdry was a favorite device of the period. Suckling is describing a candle, true, but in terms meant to suggest something quite different.

There is a thing which in the light
Is seldom used, but in the night
It serves the maiden female crew,
The ladies and the good-wives too.

They use to take it in their hand,
And then it will uprightly stand,
And to a hole they it apply
Where by its good will it would die.
It spends, goes out, and still within
It leaves its moisture thick and thin.

Fragment Aurea (1646)

PROFERRED LOVE REJECTED

Love and sex have always had their price fixed more by demand than by supply. Suckling's "Proferred Love Rejected" is a case in point.

It is not four years ago,
I offered forty crowns
To lie with her a night or so.
She answered me in frowns.

Not two years since, she, meeting me,
Did whisper in my ear
That she would at my service be
If I contented were.

I told her I was cold as snow,
And had no great desire,
But should be well content to go
To twenty, but no higher.

Some three months since or thereabout,
She that so coy had been
Bethought herself and found me out
And was content to sin.

I smiled at that and told her I
Did think it something late,
And that I'd not repentance buy
At above half the rate.

This present morning early she
Forsooth came to my bed,
And gratis there she offered me
Her high-prized maidenhead.

I told her that I thought it then
Far dearer than I did,
When I at first the forty crowns
For one night's lodging bid.

Fragment Aurea (1646)

UPON T.C. HAVING THE P.

The venereal infections of a friend would hardly be considered the fit subject for a poem by most modern day writers, and, without a doubt, the few that might try their hand or pen at the subject would be hard put to surpass the wit of Suckling's assay of the problem.

Troth, Tom, I must confess I much admire
Thy water should find passage through the fire,
For fire and water never could agree.
These now by nature have some sympathy.
Sure then his way he forces, for all know
The French ne'er grants a passage to his foe.*
If it be so, his valor I must praise,
That being the weaker, yet can force his ways,
And wish that to his valor he add strength
That he might drive the fire quite out at length,
For, troth, as yet the fire gets the day,
For evermore the water runs away.

Works of Sir John Suckling (1696)

LUTEA ALLANSON

Seductive counsel such as this frequently occupied the time and talents of the court rakes, both in poetry and in real life. One gathers that their success at one ensured their success at the other. Suckling's love life was, at any rate, as awe-inspiring as his poetry.

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*The French: a play upon the euphemism for syphilis, French pox.

Though you, Diana-like, have lived still chaste,
Yet must you not, fair, die a maid at last.*
The roses on your cheeks were never made
To bless the eye alone, and so to fade,
Nor had the cherries on your lips their being
To please no other sense than that of seeing.
You were not made to look on, though that be
A bliss too great for poor morality.
In that alone those rarer parts you have
To better uses sure wise Nature gave.
Than that you put them to: to love, to wed;
For Hymen's rites, and for the marriage-bed,
You were ordained, and not to lie alone.
One is no number till that two be one.
To keep a maidenhead but till fifteen
Is worse than murder, and a greater sin
Than to have lost it in the lawful sheets
With one that should want to reap those sweets,
But not to lose 't all, by Venus, this,
And by her son, inexpiable is,
And should each female guilty be o' th' crime,
The world would have its end before its time.

The Works of Sir John Suckling (1696)

*Fair: nice.

THE DELIGHTS OF VENUS

"The Delights of Venus," probably the major effort in the appended section of "The Cabinet of Love", is ostensibly translated from the work of a Dutch classicist, Johannes Van Meurs. Van Meurs is said to have been a precocious fellow, and early in life earned the reputation as a pedantic, heavy-handed writer. The mere inclusion of such a poem in his work indicated that something besides the dust of countless incunnabulae ran through his veins.

When Nature once, like Nile, the prick
o'erflows,
The clammy womb, like Egypt, fruitful grows.
Octavia now began, just in her prime,
To stain her linen with a monthly slime.
Just at sixteen her breasts began to heave,
And into snow-white semi-globes to cleave.
On Venus' mount the hair a cov'ring made,
To hide Love's altar with an envious shade.
Grown ripe, her itching fancy pleasure feigns,
Yet scarce knows what the titilation means.
All night she thinks on man, both toils and
sweats.
And dreams [of prick], and spends upon the
sheets;
But never knew the more substantial bliss,
And scarce e'er touched a man, but by a kiss.
Her virgin cunt ne'er knew the joys of love

Beyond what dildo or her finger gave.
Yet fain would she this private secret know,
From whence and how the mutual pleasures flow
To man and wife. Then from her bed she rose,
To Tullia went, and begged her to disclose
The grief she suffered on her bridal night,
The charms, the raptures, and the soft delight
That make the large amends for all the pain
Which narrow-cunt virgins do sustain.
Tullia consents, and thus the tale began:

Tullia.] When I came reeking from the bridal
bed,
Eased of that hateful thing, a maidenhead,
Having just tasted man, just newly tried,
I found the pleasure so sublime, I cried,
And said, "How long have I supinely laid
And dreamt and languished on a lonely bed!
Till this last blissful night, I've lived in vain,
And ne'er enjoyed that godlike creature, man.
Had I but known the bliss, or had I guessed
At the delights with which I'm now possessed,
I had not stayed for marriage — that state
trick —
But lost my reputation for a prick."
Let not what I relate discourage you,
And all that happened you shall truly know.
Callus the bridegroom, and myself the bride,
Dressed and adorned in all the wanton pride
That art invents, youth's beauty to improve,

And adds fresh fire to our impatient love,
Were forced, although unwilling, to dispense
With kissing, and much more impertinence,
But when our friends and wedding guests were gone,
And in the scene of love were left alone,
Naked I lay, clasped in my Callus's arms,
Dreading, yet longing for his sweeting charms.
Two burning tapers spread round their light,
And chased away the darkness of the night.
When Callus from my panting bosom flew,
And with him from the bed the bed-clothes drew,
I to conceal my naked body tried,
And what he wished to see, I strove to hide,
But what I held, with a force he pulled away,
Till naked as a new born babe I lay.
I blushed, but yet my thoughts were pleased to find
Myself so laid, and him I loved so kind.
Struggling I lay, exposed to his eyes;
He viewed my breast, my belly, and my thighs,
And every part that there adjacent lies.
No part, no limb his eager eyes escaped;
Nay, my plump buttocks too he saw and clasped.
He dallied thus, thus raised the lustful fire,
Till modesty was vanquished by desire.
I then looked up, which yet I had not done,
And saw his body naked as my own.
I saw his prick with active vigor strong,

Thick as my arm, and, faith, almost as long.
Of cruel smart I knew I should not [fall],
Because his prick so large, my cunt so small.
He soon perceived my blushing and surprise,
And straight my hand unto his prick did seize,
Which bigger grew, and did more stiffly stand,
Feeling the warmth of my enliv'ning hand.
Thus far I've told you of the pleasing sight.
You know that prick, our darling favorite.
It is defined, a hollow boneless part
Of better use, and nobler than the heart.
With mouth, but without eyes, it has a head,
Soft as the lips, and as the cherry red.
The stones hang dangling in their hairy cods
From whence proceeds the spring of tickling floods.
Good pricks should be both thick as well as tall,
Your [fucking] dildoes are a size too small.
At first they're hardly in our cunts contained —
For maidenheads are by much labor gained —
But men, well furnished with stout pricks are wont
To force their passage through a bleeding cunt.
Man's unesteemed, a hated monster made,
When his prick's short, and can't for favor plead.
Women do not the man, but prick wed,
For marriage joys are centered in the bed.
Now Callus stroked and kissed my milk-white breast;

He felt and saw the beauties of the rest.
Stroking my belly down, he did descend
To the loved place where all his joys must end.
He seized my cunt, and gently pulled the hair;
At that I trembled; there began my fear.
My soft and yielding thighs he open forced,
And quite into my cunt his finger thrust,
With which he groped, and searched my womb
all round,
And of a maid the certain tokens found.
Then wide as could be stretched, my thighs he
spread,
Under my buttocks too a pillow laid,
And told me then the fairest mark was made,
Then prostrate threw himself upon my breast,
That groaned with such unusual weight
oppressed.
My cunt's plump lips his finger drew aside,
And then to enter, but in vain he tried.
His body nimbly up and down he moved;
Against my cunt his stiff tarse stood.
Sharps was the pain I suffered, yet I bore't,
Resolving not to interrupt the sport;
When suddenly I felt the trickling spread,
O'erflow my cunt, my belly, and my bed.
I saw his prick when Callus from me rose,
Limber and weak hang down his snotty nose
(For when they spend, their stiffness then they
lose).
But soon my Callus fixed his launce upright,

Raised by my hand, again prepared to fight.
Though then within my cunt he could not spend,
Ofttimes he swore the error he would mend,
And the warm juice through ev'ry passage send.
About my cunt I felt a burning pain,
Yet longed with more success to try again.
Callus once more new mounted to begin,
Gave me his prick, and begg'd I'd put it in.
At first against such impudence I railed,
But he with moving arguments prevailed.
He kissed and prayed, and would not be denied,
And said prick's blind, and needs must have a guide.
Where there's no path, no track, he runs astray,
But in a beaten road can find his way.
I put it in, and made the passage stretch,
Whilst he pushed on, t'enlarge the narrow breach.
His prick bore forward with such strength and power
That 'twould have made a hole had there been none before.
When half was in, and but one-half remained,
I sighed aloud, and of the smart complained.
As he pushed on, the pain I sharper found,
And drew his weapon from my bleeding wound.
Callus vexed to lose his half-won prize,
And spews his juicy flow upon my thighs.
My hand upon my mangled cunt I laid,

To feel the monstrous wounds his prick had
made,
And found my blood had all besmeared the bed.
Too late I did repent my cursed fate,
And thus exclaimed against a married state.

Are these the tempting joys to wedlock
joined?
Are these the joys that damn half womankind?
Will the God Hymen nothing else suffice,
But bleeding virgins for a sacrifice?
Men reap the pleasure, women all the pain;
Our grief's their sport; they laugh when we
complain.
But that a husband now must be obeyed,
I'd always frig myself and die a maid.
But Callus laughed, and at my sorrow smiled,
And with a kiss would fain be reconciled.
"My dearest duck, my charming fair," he cried
(Whilst I in sighs and groans alone replied).

Callus.] "Dost, like a child, for trivial smart
repine?
In time our bodies we with ease shall join.
Then I must drudge, while all the pleasure's
thine.
Virgins can ne'er reap wounds in Venus' wars,
But the blood flows from honorable scars.
Like thee I suffer, and like thee I bleed;
View my sore cock, his tender wounded head.

When, Tullia, this prolific seed you spilled,
An infant, ere begot or born, you killed.
Had half this sperm within your cunt been laid,
'Twould thee a mother, me a father made.
Wipe off those tears, and as a wife comply.
We'll swive again, and a new method try."

Tullia.] I knew my folly just was reproved,
And blushed, but yet my kind reprover loved.
I then submissive did for pardon look,
And hugged him to my bosom as I spoke.
"Forgive the weakness of a tender maid,
And still what you command shall be obeyed.
What faults my ignorance commits, forgive,
And I'll no more 'gainst your endeavors strive.
My nice affected modesty's subdued,
And what you bid, I'll do though ne'er so lewd
Still will I be consenting to they will.
So now get up, my love, and take thy fill.
If you will try once more, I will comply
Though I to swive do a martyr die."

When with a sporting fondness this I said,
My hand upon his prick I boldly laid.
Callus replied, "Tullia, my soul, my life,
How dull, how ignorant's a maiden wife!
Should I return thee to thy mother's arms
Ere fully I've enjoyed thy virgin charms,
She'd call me bungler, if there's nothing done
And think me most unfit to be her son.

Pleasure, when got with pain, augments our joys;
But when its got with ease, too soon it cloys.
Thy kind assurance promises success
Which should I not obtain, you'd love me less.
Untimely modesty deserveth blame;
Then, since thou art a novice at the game,
Yield to my wish and do as I advise;
Experience in this has made me wise."
Then from the window he an ointment brought,
Which his too hasty passion had forgot,
His prick smelt sweet with what was rubbed upon't,
And seemed as fitting for my mouth as cunt.
As soon as this was done he made me rise,
And placed myself upon my hands and thighs.
My head down stooping on the bed did lie,
But my round buttocks lifted were on high,
Just like a cannon placed against the sky.
My bloody smock he then turned up behind,
As if to bugger me he had designed.
Then with his sweet and slipp'ry prick drew near,
And vig'rously he charged me in the rear.
His tarse, as soon as to my slit applied,
Up to the hilt into my cunt did slide.
He swived, and asked me if my purse was sore
Or his tarsander hurt me as it did before.

I answered, "No, my dear; on, do not cease.

But, oh! do thus, do thus as long as e'er you
please."
This trick did fully answer our intent,
For at one instant both together spent.
Just as we came, I cried, "I faint! I die!"
And fell down in a blissful ecstasy.
Kind Callus then drew out his prick, and said,
"There, pretty fool, you've lost your
maidenhead."

Of all the joys that to delight are wont,
There's none so sweet as cock in a cunt.
Each rapt'rous sense is so divinely bless'd,
As can't by wisest mortals be expressed.
I did my fears and rash repentance blame,
And all my former follies did disclaim,
Though all my body were one bleeding wound,
Yet still the pleasure is too cheaply found,
For cock and cunt so mutually do love,
They'll all obstructions to their bliss remove.
(When appetite provokes, the good old cause,
A prick is then our liberty and laws;
Then if all pricks down to Hell were hurl'd,
That luscious darling sin would damn the
world.)

Now Callus had his rampant fury laid,
And limber tarse hung down his dangling head.
Since made a perfect woman, and I
Arrived at much familiarity.

But languishing poor prick could do no more;
Thou not for want of will, but want of pow'r.

But Callus swore, by all Love's mighty God,
He'd reinforce the vigor of his rod.

Then with confections and a willing mind,
Once more cock was to cunt inclined.
I Callus then betwixt my thighs received,
And nimbly up and down my buttocks heaved.
Callus observing well the gamesome play,
Within cunt's lips his straining cock did lay.
Then with a lusty thrust tarse spewed
A show'r of sperm, and all my womb bedewed.
I too let fly, and did so much abound
In juice, I had almost poor prick drown'd.

Weary with toil and spent, while Callus slept,
I from the bed into the chamber stepped.
Hoping I should not be by Callus missed,
I set the pisspot to my cunt and pissed.
But the salt water, while 'twas trickling down,
Caused a short pain I ne'er before had known.
So whilst I sighed, and my poor purse bewail'd,
And 'gainst the too large tarse that made it
railed.
Callus awak'd; I blush'd; he laughed aloud
To see upon my thighs such streams of blood.
So, to conclude, Callus no time did lose,
But frigged me nine times well before I rose.

Now, boldly put in practice what you hear,
And don't the loss of reputation fear,
But a fond frig 'fore all things else prefer.

And since the wanton tale has raised desire,
Go frig yourself, and quench the lustful fire.

Thus Tullia did her luscious story end,
And with new raptures filled her am'rous friend.
The fires which she before had long concealed
Now raged aloft and would not be repelled.
She cursed herself that so much time she'd spent,
And ne'er knew what delicious swiving meant.
Thou she was to be married the next day,
She thought 'twas much too long for her to stay,
And thus to Tullia quickly she replied:
"Have I, dull I, to sixteen years arrived,
And ne'er the pleasure know of being swived?
How many glorious days have I passed by,
And ne'er yet tasted the ecstatic joy?
Till now a perfect idiot I've lived,
And seem as from a lethargy revived.
'Tis true I've felt before such gentle fires
Pinned with strange wishes, and unknown
desires.
Oft have I wondered why my blood should rise.
My spirits flash and sparkle in my eyes
When man has only kissed me by surprise.
Something it filled me with — I can't relate —
And made me languish for I know not what.

But prithee, dearest Tullia, now go on,
And finish what you have so well begun.
Instruct me well in this mysterious art,
And hide not from me the minutest part.
The tale you've told has light a furious flame;
Is there no way its fury you can tame?
I cannot till tomorrow, cannot stay.
Contrive before this lechery to lay.
My finger I don't like for that's a foolish way."
Tullia replied, "My dear Octavia, you
That I can teach shall every secret know.
Come this way. I've a pretty engine here
Which used to ease the torments of the fair;
And next those joys which charming man can
give,
This best a woman's passion can relieve.
This dildo 'tis with which I oft was wont
T'assuage the raging of my lustful cunt.
For when cunts swell, and glow with strong
desire
'Tis only cocks can quench the lustful fire;
And when that's lacking dildo must supply
cunny
The place of prick upon necessity.
Then on your back lie down upon the bed,
And lift your petticoats above your head.
I'll show you a new piece of lechery,
For I'll the man; you shall the woman be.
Your thin, transparent smock, my dear, remove,
That last bless'd cover to the scene of love.

What's this I see! You fill me with surprise.
Your charming beauties dazzle quite my eyes!
Gods! what a leg is here! What lovely thighs!
A belly too, as polished iv'ry white,
And then a cunt would charm an anchorite!
Oh! now I wish I were a man indeed
That I might gain thy pretty maidenhead.
But since, my dear, I can't my wish obtain,
Let's now proceed t'instruct you in the game,
That game that brings the most substantial bliss.
Fucking of all games the sweetest is.
Ope' wide your legs and throw them round my back,
And clasp your snowy arms about my neck.
Your buttocks then move nimbly up and down,
Whilst with my hand I thrust the dildo home.
You'll feel the titilation by and by.
Have you no pleasure yet, no tickling joy?"
"Oh! yes, yes, now I faint! I die!"
Octavia now, quite spent, to Tullia said,
"Oh! what a foolish ignorant thing's a maid.
I long impatiently till I am led
To that vast scene of bliss, a genial bed.
If simple dildo can such joys produce,
What must proceed from man's prolific juice!
Oh! That must please one sure to that excess,
That no one can its charms in words express.
'Tis true, my Tullia, you have made me wise,
And drawn this cloud of ign'rance from my eyes,
But faith, 'tis well I shall tomorrow wed,

Or else I'm sure I never could have stayed,
But must have thrown away that toy, a
maidenhead."
Tullia, then smiling, to her pupil cried,
"I'm glad I've made you fit to be a bride;
Therefore I hope that when you're in the act,
You will upon the pains I've took reflect,
And say, 'To Tullia, 'tis this bliss I owe,
For she to me did first the secrets show,
How 'tis the pleasure does from man to woman
flow,
And taught me first the raptures which proceed
From the injection of man's generous seed.'
But now let us, with needful sleep a while
Refresh our limbs, tir'd with the pleasing toil.
In grateful slumbers pass the night away
In expectation of the coming day
Which in thy richest pride and glory dress'd
Shall give thee to the youth to be possess'd,
And reap those joys which cannot be express'd.

"The Cabinet of Love," in *The Works of the Earls of Rochester, Roscomon, and Dorset, The Dukes of Devonshire, Buckinghamshire, etc. with Memoirs of Their Lives* (1752)

AN EPIGRAM ON A PAINTED LADY WITH ILL TEETH

Edmund Waller was one of the richest practicing poets in the history of English letters, a wealthy landowner and member of Parliament from the age of 16 on. Waller is considered to be one of the minor poets of some worth in English letters, although one suspects that a good deal of his poetry has been lost. Almost all that does survive is the flowery, love-encrusted frippery for which poets have long been known. Missing, but with few exceptions, are the more earthy pieces so popular during the century in which Waller lived.

Were men so dull they could not see
That — Lyce painted — should they flee
Like simple birds into a net
So grossly woven and ill-set,
Her own teeth would undo the knot
And let all go that she had got.
Those teeth fair Lyce must not show,
If she would bite. Her lovers, though
Like birds they stoop at seeming grapes,
Are disabused when first she gapes.
The rotten bones discovered there
Show 'tis a painted sepulcher.

The Second Part of Mr. Waller's Poems (1690)

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN

Probably no single document has provoked as much political furor for less apparent reason than John Wilkes' "An Essay on Woman" an almost line for line satire of Alexander Pope's famed "Essay on Man." Depending upon one's political sentiments, Wilkes was either a noted leader of the opposition (he eventually went on to become one of the more notable and effective Lord Mayors of London), or a debauched degenerate.

Both viewpoints were probably correct. Wilkes was a member of the famed Medmenham Abbey, the so-called Hellfire Club, where he shared nightly revels with Lord Sandwich — nicknamed "Jemmy Twitcher" for obvious reasons — and Sir Francis Dashwood, both of whom were to turn on their fellow fornicator when the "Essay" was brought before Parliament in 1763.

At the same time, Wilkes was an influential member of the loyal opposition to Lord Bute, the prime minister. For this reason, in an effort to embarrass the opposition leader, Robert Pitt, the majority sought to prosecute Wilkes on the charge that he had written an obscene and blasphemous piece.

Wilkes stood trial in Parliament, and he was convicted of publishing the poem of which a copy had been seized under an illegal warrant, and the contents of which were broadcast publicly for the first time by the

licentious Lord Sandwich in the House of Lords.

Of the poem itself, these notes: Miss Fanny Murray, to whom the poem is facetiously inscribed, was the most famous courtesan of the day, a plaything of titled lords, whose salon glittered with the very cream of society. The names of the other "authors" and "annotators" are all ribald nicknames, Warburton's being the major exception.

AN ESSAY ON WOMAN

by

Pego Borewell, Esq.

with notes by Rogerus Cunaeus,
Vigerus Mutoniatus, etc., and a
commentary by the Rev. Dr. Warburton.
Inscribed to Miss Fanny Murray

Awake, my Fanny, leave all meaner things;
This morn shall prove what rapture swiving brings!
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just a few good fucks, and then we die)
Expatiate free o'er that loved scene of man,

A mighty maze, for mighty pricks to scan;
A wild, where Paphian thorns promiscuous shoot,
Where flowers the monthly rose, but yields no fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the overt yield,
The latent tracts, the pleasing depths explore,
And my prick clapp'd where thousands were before.
Observe how Nature works, and if it rise
Too quick and proud, check it ere it flies;
Spend what we must, but keep it while we can:
Thus godlike will be deem'd the ways of man.

I. Say, first of woman's latent charms below,
What can we reason but from what we know?
A face, a neck, a breast, are all appear
From which to reason, or to which refer.
In every part we heavenly beauty own,
But we can trace it only in what's shown.
He who the hoop's immensity can pierce,
Dart through the whalebone fold's vast universe,
Observe how circle into circle runs,
What court's the eye, and what all vision shuns,
All the wild modes of dress our females wear,
May guess what males them thus transformed appear.
But of their cunts the bearings and the ties,
The nice connections, strong dependencies,
The latitude and longitude of each

Hast thou gone through, or can thy pego reach?
Was that great ocean, that unbounded sea,
Where pricks like whales may sport, fathomed by thee?

II. Presumptuous prick! the reason would'st thou find
Why formed so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess
Why formed no weaker, meaner, and no less.
Ask of thy mother's cunt why she was made
Of lesser bore than cow or hackney'd jade?
Or ask thy raw-boned Scottish father's tarse
Why larger he than stallion, or jackass/
Of pego's possible, if 'tis confessed
That wisdom infinite must form some best,
Where all must rise, or not coherent be,
And all that rise must rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of various pricks, 'tis plain,
God-like erect, Bute stands the foremost man,
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if Heaven placed him wrong.
Respecting him, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
When frogs would couple, labored on with pain,
A thousand wriggles scarce their purpose gain:
In man a dozen can his end produce,
And drench the female with spermatic juice.
Yet not our pleasure seems God's end alone,
Oft when we spend we propagate unknown;

Unwilling we may reach some other goal,
And sylphs and gnomes may fuck in woman's hole.
When the proud stallion knows whence every vein
Now throbs with lust, and now is shrunk again;
The lusty bull, why now he breaks the clod,
Now wears a garland, fair Europa's God:
Then shall man's pride and pego comprehend
His actions and erections, use and end.
Why at Celaenae martyrdom, and why
At Lampascus adored chief deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault,
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought;
His pego measured to the female case,
Betwixt a woman's thighs his proper place;
And if to fuck in a proportioned sphere,
What matter how it is, or when, or where?
Fly fucked by fly may be completely so,
As Hussey's Duchess, or yon well-bulled cow.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the Book of Fate
All but the page prescribed, the present state,
From boys what girls, from girls what women know,
Or what could suffer being here below?
Thy lust the virgin dooms to bleed today,
Had she thy reason would she skip and play?
Pleased to the last, she likes the luscious food,
And grasps the prick just raised to shed her blood.

Oh! blindness to the future, kindly given,
That each may enjoy what fucks are marked by Heaven.
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
The man just mounting, and the virgin's fall.
Prick, cunt, and bollocks in convulsions hurled,
And now a hymen burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly, then, clean girls; nor vainly soar;
But fuck the cunt at hand, and God adore.
What future fucks he gives not thee to know,
But gives that cunt to be thy blessing now.

ESSSAY NOTES

Verse 3. — Philosophers agree that the two great duties Nature has enjoined all her children are *to preserve the Individual, and to propagate the Species.* We ought therefore to be studious that our daily food be such as will not only please our palate at the time, but will afterwards turn to good account, and perhaps more to the gratification of the woman than the man. This shows that it is not only lawful, but expedient for clergymen to eat crawfish, soup, lampreys, &c., not to indulge their own inordinate appetites but as provocatives to the *fuller discharge* of what is due to the dear partners of our beds, according to the modus of benevolence prescribed by St. Paul—Dr. Warburton.

Verse 7. — The vegetation of pego is most astonishing; even beyond what we know of American vegetation. It will shoot forth most amazingly, quite on a sudden, especially in a hot-bed, and as suddenly shrink back. It seems of the nature of certain electrical figures, which, after having been in contact, start from each other, and can by no human art, for some time, be brought together again. There is a bastard plant, called clitoris, much of the same nature, though seldom large; I mean in this country; for at Lesbos it was the formidable rival of pego. The Lesbian ladies knew perfectly the virtues of it, and preferred it to the other plant — most absurdly, in my opinion; for it wants a fine balm and the *farina fecunditatis* of the noble pegan. Sappho, best of all women, knew how to administer this drug; which pleasing operation was called . . . Homer mentions it in the fourth book of the Odyssey, and says that the wife of Thone, King of Canopus, gave it to Helen. He calls it Nepenthe; and Milton, after his master:

> Not that Nepenthe which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helen,
> Is of such power as this* to stir up joy.
>
> — Vigerus Mutoniatus.

*Pego

Verse 8. — Our virgin Fanny in this ought to take the wall of our Virgin Mary; for the *first never had a child,* nor I truly believe did she ever conceive.

— Rogerus Cunaeus.

Variations. — Verse 12. — [And my prick clapped, &c.] The first edition has it, And my prick *crowned,* which I take to be the true reading. It means the Corona Veneris, the glory of the Goddess Venus around the head of the beloved; and the passage seems a parody to Lucretius:

> *"Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam, Unde prius nulli,"* &c.

— Warburton.

Verse 19. — Yet we may make a tolerable guess at those *things* which *are not* seen, by those *things* which are seen. Thus, as there is an analogy between the Revealed and Natural Religion, so there is beteewn the Upper and Nether *Mouth* in all females, and between the Gnomon in the face and the umbilical regions in males.

— Rogerus Cunaeus.

Verse 34. — Peg Woffington being asked how it was possible that she, who had swallowed at Dublin many of the noblest pricks of this world, yet was never got with child, greatly replied, "No man ever played up to me." It is plain the world is not worthy of such a woman, and even Hussey in her would be only a first-

rate Man of War in the great ocean. A Frenchman, doubtful, like St. Paul, whether he was *in the body or out of the body,* asked the fair, *"Madame, est-ce que j'ai l'honneur d'y etre?"*

— Burman

Verse 42.—Of all animals the jackass seems most favored. He is not only indulged with a most noble pre-eminence in the most *noble part,* but enjoys sweet intercourse with a species superior to him. Mares not only suffer, but delight in his prowess and vigor; as the two Goddesses, Venus and Luna, condescended to the mortal embraces of Anchises and Endymion. Priapus (from jealousy, I suppose) ordered this animal to be sacrificed to him. Homer compares one of his heroes, Ajax, to an ass, in his Eleventh Book of the Iliad. In the benediction to his children, Jacob promises Issachar, that he shall be as a strong ass.

This animal was formerly in great esteem; but ever since he was the vehicle of the Godhead into Jerusalem, he has been ridiculous—Burman.

Verse 64.—[Fair Europa's god.] Europa was not singular in this taste. Pasiphae seems to have had the same penchant. What a happy subject for Nero and Domitian to exhibit on the stage! Suetonius in Nero, cap. 12, says: *"Inter Pyrrhicarum argumenta, Taurus Pasiphaen ligneo juvencae simularco abditam iniit, ut multi spectantium crediderunt."* Martial compliments Domitian in the Spectaculorum Liber:

Junctum Pasiphaen Dicteo credite Tauro,
Vidimus accepit Fabula prisca fidem.
Nec se miretur Caesar, longaeva vetustas;
Quicquid Fama canit, donat Arena tibi.

— Warburton.

Verse 67.—Celaenae was the captial of Phrygia, where Cybele was worshipped. Her priests, called Galli, were eunuchs. Priapus was worshipped at Lampsacus—but indeed is everywhere—at least, by the ladies.

—Burman

Verse 91.—[Hope humbly, then, clean girls.] This first (for lewdness is only the second) great virtue of cleanliness ought of all things to be attended to. It is shocking to find how much it is neglected, especially in the northern part of this island. The face, the neck, the hands, I own, are not only clean, but of a whiteness which would rival Leda's lover. All the rest, alas! is hid in mysterious sluttishness. The nobler parts are never in this island washed by the women: they are left to be lathered by the men. This scandalous neglect is even esteemed a virtue; is called modesty; and the women who pretend to preserve their (one) *virtue,* are the most guilty in this particular. I have, on examination, found this conserve of virtue thicker *(though not sweeter)* than a *conserve of rose,* and you may, at any time, *smell* out the *most modest woman* in company.

—Warburton

Verse 94.—[But gives that Cunt.] This cunt can by no means signify a wife's cunt; for it alludes to what is mentioned before—*hope humbly, then, clean girls.* Another reason must satisfy us on this head. Matrimony is an holy estate, signifying to us (as the Service says) the mystical union that is between Christ and His church. Now, what has this to do with fucking? A MS. of the late Archbishop of York places this in its true light:

> Unsullied *Virtue* my esteem demands,
> But 'tis at *Beauty* my true pointer stands.
> I grant the dignity of wedded love;
> The holy contract first was signed above.
> Applauding angels clapped their wings and read
> The senseless jargon of my lawyer's head.
> Into this *holy state* shall lewdness enter?
> My pious prick cries *No!* and will not venture;
> Downcast and low reveres the marriage bed,
> Nor 'gainst the *lawful spouse* will life the head.
> But when his bulky charms first struck my sight,
> Gods! he rushed forth impatient for the fight.
>
> —Warburton.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER

"An Essay on Woman" contained not only that poem, but three other parodies, two of which, like the title-piece, were mocks of works by Alexander Pope.

Of the "Prayer" John Kidgell wrote at the time:
"To crown this united effort of obscenity and profaneness [i.e., the title poem], the sense of the 'Universal Prayer', written by Mr. Pope, is perverted to serve the vilest purpose of unchastity . . ."

Mother of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
If modest, or if whored.

Thou great first cause, least understood,
Who all my prick confined,
To feel but this, that thou art good,
And that himself is blind,

Yet gave him I this dark estate
To know the good from ill;
With God-like virtue to create
Following his prickship's will.

Sound honest cunts should oft be done,
Unsound I ne'er would do;
These teach me more than Hell to shun,
Those more than Heaven pursue.

What seed my God's free bounty gives
Let me not frig away;
For god is paid when cunt receives,
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not one cunt's contracted span
My vigor e'er shall bound;
I'll think they all were made for man,
When thousand cunts are round.

If I am clapped, may this right-hand
Its happy cunning know;
Let rankling venom round the land
Brand pego as a foe.

If he goes right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
Oh! may he ne'er from thee depart
To find the primate's way.

Save him alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
If greater thickness be denied
Or thirteen inches lent.

Teach me to feel a virgin's woe,
The maiden gore I see
In sacred drops from hymen flow
Be kissed and wiped by me.

Mean thou my prick, not wholly so
Since stiffened by thy breath;
Oh! lead him where he ought to go
In this night's life or death.

This night be thou, black-haired, my lot;
Or else beneath the sun
God knows if best bestowed or not,
But let thy work be done. –

VENI CREATOR;
or, the Maid's Prayer

This satire of the liturgical prayer, one suspects, was the poem which most antagonized the delicate Kidgell. Kidgell's evaluation of the mock prayer underscores the intensity of his feelings about the entire "Essay on Woman", about Wilkes, and about the political situation of the times:

"And as if he was determined, experimentally, to be convinced to what an extravagancy of insult the lenity of the government, the candor of the public, and the mercy of God Himself may be abused, he boldly presumes upon an inimitably profane paraphrase of Veni Creator, which he ludicrously affects to call 'The Maid's Prayer.'

"Here is the supreme exertion of his original abilities to blaspheme. The holy Name and Attributes of the Deity are vilified in an unexampled manner; the blessed Spirit of God is ludibriously insulted by a repetition of the most carnal obscenities in the form of a supplication; and the sacred expression, 'Thrice blessed, glorious Trinity,' is compelled, by an impious

similitude, to convey an idea to the reader, impure, astonishing, and horrible."

Blasphemy, or what Kidgell thought blasphemy obviously angered that eminent churchman far more than alleged obscenity.

Creator pego, by whose aid
Thy humble suppliant was made,
O Source of Bliss, and God of Love,
Shed thy influence from above;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify me while I sing.

On thee all day and night I call,
Great promised comforter to all;
Martyrs and prophets have of old
Thy wondrous energy foretold;
Come, and awhile vouchsafe to dwell
In my dark unfrequented cell,

They sweet influence impart
To charm my senses, fire my heart;
Come, pour thy joys on womankind;
Be all my frame to thee resign'd,
And, oh! thou rulest a willing mind!

From loathed Hymen set me free,
Enter a temple worthy thee,
Where thou a heavenly guest shall prove,
Happy in me to live and move,

And have a being worthy love.
Immortal honor, endless fame,
Almighty pego! to thy name;
And equal adoration be
Paid to the neighboring pair with thee,
Thrice blessed glorious trinity.

THE DYING LOVER TO HIS PRICK

Wilkes has at Alexander Pope again with his satire on the Emperor Adrian's death-bed address which Pope had put into rhyme.

Happy spark of heavenly flame!
Pride and wonder of man's fame!
Why is pleasure so soon flying?
Why so short this bliss of dying?
Cease, fond pego, cease the strife,
And yet indulge a moment's life.

Hark! cunt whispers. Don't she say,
Brother pego come away?
What is this absorbs me quite,
Seals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my prick, can this be death?

Now you recede, now disappear!

My eye looks round in vain; my ear,
Fanny, your murmur rings.
Lend, lend your hand! I mount! I die!
O prince! how great thy victory!
O pleasure! sweet thy stings.
To thee, whose fucks throughout all space
This dying world supplies,
One chorus let all beings raise,
All pricks in reverence rise.

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